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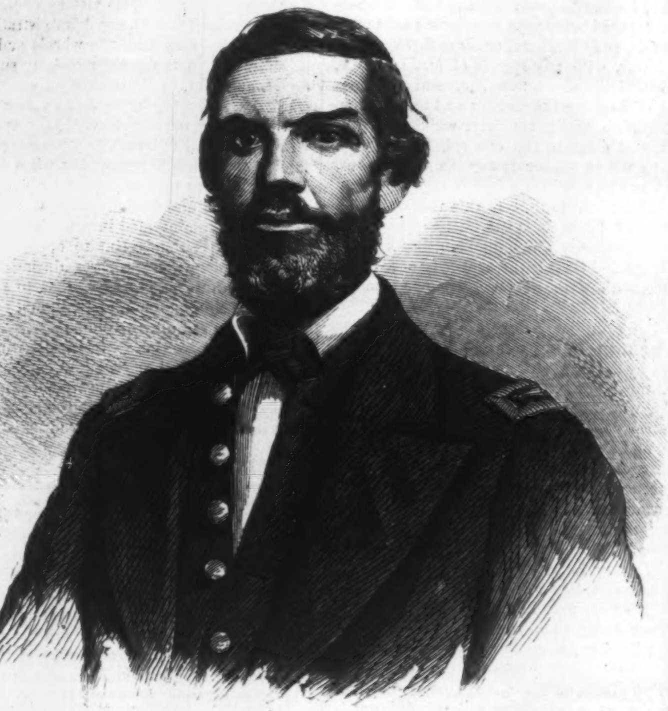
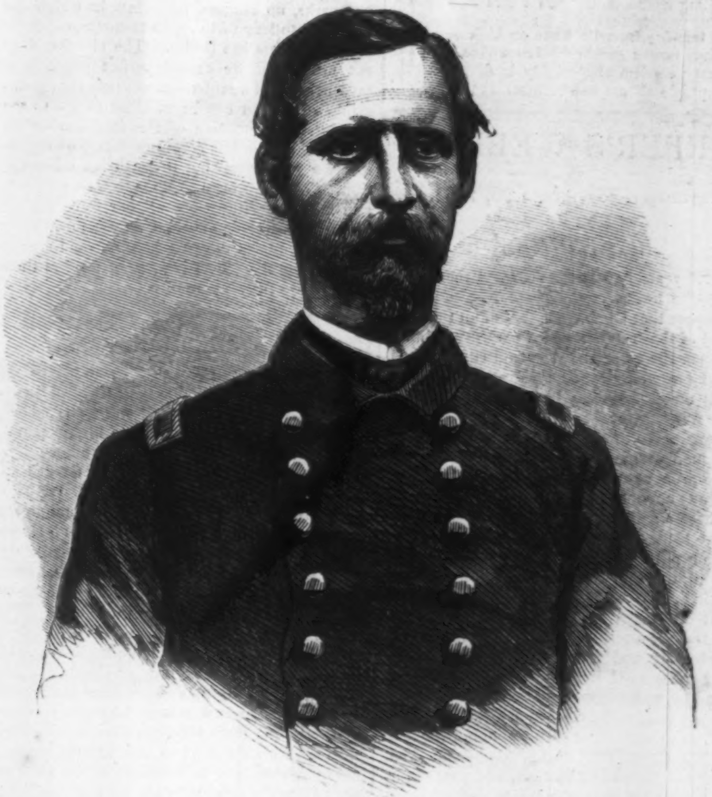
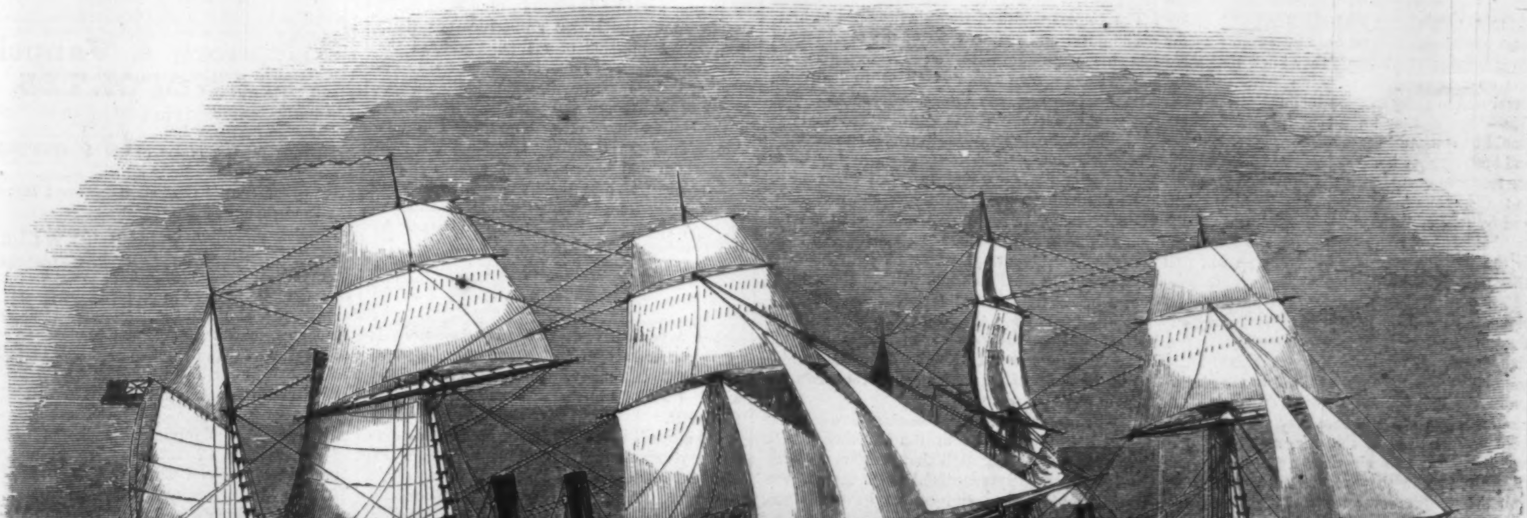


CAPTAIN NAPOLEON COLLINS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 757.]



CAPTAIN C. M. MORRIS.—[See Page 757.]



THE CAPTURED REBEL PRIVATEER "FLORIDA" AND THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "WACHUSETT."—[See Page 757.]

NOVEMBER 8, 1864.

We breathe more freely now the struggle's done,
Now that the glorious victory is won;
The grandest civil triumph which shall stand
Recorded in the annals of the land.

We trusted in the cause—we knew that Right
Must conquer Wrong, however hard the fight;
That not in vain by patriots had been shed
The precious blood with which our soil is red.

No, not in vain; to-day the pledge we give,
That by that blood the Union yet shall live;
And from the strong lips of the loyal North
In thunder tones the promise now goes forth.

Faith in that promise makes my eyes to see
Peace rising through the smoke of victory;
And as the cloud of battle drifts away
I see the white dawn of a future day.

Above the din of war I seem to hear
From tower and roof the sweet-toned bells of cheer
Ring out the welcome tidings to the skies,
While joyful pæans on the air arise.

I see bold Freedom with a giant's stroke
Hurl to the earth the bondman's heavy yoke;
I see her strike from off his horny hands
The galling chains and fetters where he stands.

I see a temple; from its dome on high
A glorious banner greets the broad blue sky;
The starry emblem of a mighty land,
Whose people all are one in heart and hand.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 26, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

FOUR years have not exhausted the hands or the hearts of the people. Yet we do not suppose that any expectation of an immediate end of the rebellion had a perceptible influence upon the election. That an end is hoped for and prayed for by all loyal and thoughtful men is unquestionable; but the very duration of the war has taught us the tenacity and the resources of the rebellion.

No man who is fitted by study and observation to pronounce an opinion will imagine that under any circumstances whatever the war could have been a short one. To suppose that a victory at Bull Run would have terminated the rebellion is to betray the most profound ignorance of the real condition of the country at that time. If the North had been unanimous—if it had understood that the rebellion was not a riot but a revolution—if it had had a vast trained army and navy, with their properly-skilled officers—if it had determined once for all, and by common consent, that whatever was necessary to save the Government was constitutional, and that no hint of negotiation with armed rebels should ever be tolerated—and then, having conquered at Bull Run, had pushed forward by land and sea, and occupied and possessed the rebel section, the war might sooner have ended.

But if this had been the situation it would never have begun. It was precisely because the rebel chiefs knew that the North—by which term we mean the loyal citizens—were very far from unanimous—because they knew that there was no army and no navy, and that so many naval and military officers inclined to the rebel side—because they knew that the Constitution would be constantly pleaded for the rebellion—and because they believed, as they had good reason to, that the surprised country could be forced to terms by the timidity of trade, by party-spirit, and by fear of bankruptcy—it was because the rebel chiefs knew that we had not the conditions or the possibility of speedily ending a war that they took up arms.

They have ever since counted upon our fatigue. They have been willing to endure any extremity themselves, in the hope of seeing us exhausted. They knew that we were rich and populous; but they were willing to take brown paper for money, and to send every man into the field, so confident were they that we should presently be tired of the war, and insist upon ending it. The election undeceives them. They know now that we are not willing to admit the separate sovereignty of the States, or to allow that the Government of the United States is overthrown. They understand that the gage is thrown down for war to the end.

That the rebel leaders will be disappointed is beyond question. Governor Brown, of Georgia, evidently expected a different result. We have constantly misjudged them in many respects, but not less have they misapprehended us. Governor Brown's error was in believing that the Chicago leaders represented the real feeling of the people. It is true that they would gladly have peace, but they will more gladly have war than a truce. The rebel leaders will be disappointed, doubtless, but they will not yield. To relax their authority in the least, to seem to waver even in their design of securing absolute independence, would be to see every thing fall from them, and to be suddenly ruined.

They have staked every thing upon the chance. They will still stand sullenly at bay. While they can persuade people to give a bushel of corn for a piece of brown paper two inches square, so long they will have enough to eat. They will sit down behind their earth-works, and the sternest military despotism and the melancholy suicidal pride which supports men in the last extremity, will sustain them yet for many a month, forbidding them to speak, almost to think, against the authorities over them. Their soldiers may not be paid, but they will be fed. The rebellion will resolve itself into an inert mass of resistance which must be crumbled away.

Upon this mass the disintegrating superior force of the loyal country will be thrown, and the issue, although in the nature of things sure, can not be very sudden. There is a great deal of truth in what Davis says. In a certain sense no particular spot is essential to the rebellion. Richmond may fall with Atlanta, Charleston and Mobile with New Orleans, and still the fire creep and smoulder on. The resistance will be made where men can be massed in small or large numbers. There will be no end of the war as in a treaty of peace with a foreign foe. It will ravel out. It will be extinguished as a fire is upon the prairie, which is trampled out here and there, and flames up again beyond. But when it is out it is out forever. There are no sparks, no cinders, no points in which the fire hides to leap forth again to-morrow.

This process has begun. The election does not mean that we expect perfect peace next month, but that we intend to continue the smothering. No man can be so blind as not to see the internal condition of the rebellion as revealed in all the late accounts. It does not indicate a "collapse," but it does show consumption. What we have to do is to wait patiently and steadily, putting out all our force all the time. The rebels have no reason for holding out that we have not in a hundred-fold greater degree, and the 8th of November teaches them that we are fully aware of it.

SHERMAN.

Frederick the Great's Silesian campaigns were not more remarkable than General Sherman's. A more skillful and accomplished soldier has not been known in our history; and, compared with him and his operations, how poor sounds the old talk about the "Great Captain" Lee!

Sherman forced his way straight through the enemy's territory, over mountains and rivers, baffling all attacks, outwitting all hostile designs, driving the whole mass of the rebel army backward until he planted his flag where he set out to plant it, and sat down in Atlanta. The victory extorted a wail of anguish and rage from the rebel chief, for he felt the mortal wound. In utter desperation he ordered Hood to throw his army upon Sherman's rear and to threaten Tennessee. Sherman turned upon him, drove him from his intended line, detached General Thomas with his army to hold him in the corner of Alabama or to coax him across the Tennessee; while now, with all his banners flying and bugles blowing, his futile enemy confounded, Sherman shakes out his glittering columns and advances to the sea.

There is no considerable force to oppose him. The ample breadth of Georgia lies open to him. The finest and richest tract of the rebel region is his parade-ground, and Alexander H. Stephens's own State is about to learn the truth of his prophecy that, if it drew the sword, it would miserably perish by it.

Whether Sherman is moving upon Mobile, or Savannah, or Charleston, or whether he is moving at all, is not known. But whatever be his destination, he will reach it and occupy it. There is no force and no generalship in the rebel lines which can compare with his. And the coming of his army, although it necessarily leave a path of desolation, will be the shining of a bright light in the darkness of the South. It will show rebels that the Government of the United States has irresistible power, and that it is useless to contend with the inflexible resolution of the American people that their Government shall be maintained.

The people of the rebel section have seen the progress of our arms in the last three years. They have not forgotten that they were themselves apparently successful until the Government could create and collect its forces and bring them to bear. They have seen the loyal part of the country submitting to taxes, to drafts, and to the necessary conditions of war. They have seen an angry and malignant faction arise and threaten to paralyze and divide the loyal nation. They have seen the slow and painful process by which we have ascertained who are our real military chiefs, and they see them now in command. They have seen the opening of the Mississippi, the occupation of the Southwest, the baffling at every point of their attempted invasions, their constant shrinking before the national hand, as Johnson shrank from Sherman. They have seen the hope of foreign interference expire, cotton dethroned, and their finances ruined. They have seen the defection of their army, and have heard it confirmed by Davis himself. And now at last they have seen the attitude of their loyal fellow-citizens perfectly unchanged, and hear them in the fourth year of the war, by a unanimity which is marvelous, declare that whatever may be the further cost of the struggle it shall go on until the authority of the mildest, fairest, and best government in the world is every where and entirely restored.

The coming of Sherman's army will be the visible proof of all the things they have seen. Desperate they may be, brave and furious, but they are men still, and there is a point at which all men yield. If that point is not nearly reached, very well. We can wait. They know now that Sherman is the personification of the loyal country, and that the war will continue until that point is reached.

THE FEELING OF THE NORTH.

The President's two speeches in acknowledgment of the serenades after the election are the noblest expression of the universal public sentiment. There is no personal or partisan exultation. The issue was too solemn for that. There is the sane sober joy as after a great victory or a narrow escape.

It has been customary for foreigners, and many among ourselves, to speak of Mr. Lincoln as the rebels speak of him, and to celebrate Jefferson Davis as a gentleman and a polished intellectual statesman. Will such persons compare Davis's recent speeches at Macon, Columbia, and elsewhere, or his earlier speeches in the war, with any speech of Mr. Lincoln, and especially these two last, and then say which of them are the manlier and more honorable? With malignant fury, which not even his trained coolness can conceal, Davis hisses that he would sooner fraternize with hyenas than Yankees; or in his foolish rage speaks of the "Beast" Butler. Is this the style of a statesman? Are these specimens of the intellectual superiority which distinguishes Jefferson Davis? Or is it the scurrility of a baffled conspirator, and the venomous malice of a disappointed rebel?

Nothing in the history of the war is more striking than the different spirit in which it is waged by the loyal citizens and the rebels. Indeed, the murderous and wicked olive-branch policy, which has so prolonged and embittered the struggle, is due to the want of proper insight and a more wholesome indignation upon the part of loyal citizens. From the beginning it was not only war, but war made upon the Government by men who had been taught to hate "the North" and "Northerners. And while rebels have been starving and slaughtering in every horrible way Union men at the South, and Union soldiers from the North, we have gone on mumbling "conciliation," until we were likely to be overthrown by our obstinate refusal to understand our enemies.

We have learned now what they are. The election plucks off the olive branches and throws them away; and declares that conciliation is a word to be spoken to rebels when they have submitted and not before. Yet there is no personal hate mingled with this resolution. As a class the rebels are regarded by the most strenuous loyal citizens as sophisticated and deluded; as men who must be taught by superior force to regard their obligations as citizens of the United States, but that is all. In no official paper or speech of the Union authorities has there been any expression of malignity toward the insurgents, nor will there be. Engaged in defending their Government, which is the sole security of their peace and prosperity, the people of the United States yield to no unworthy emotion. They are faithfully represented by the man whom they have again made their President. They feel in their successes "no taint of personal triumph;" but they are resolved, as he says, through every fortune, "to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

PARTY AND FACTION.

What is a party, and what is a faction? It is very necessary to understand the difference between them, that every honest party-man may not find himself in the dishonest position of a factionist.

In a word, then, legitimate parties in a free country represent the different policies which different citizens think the Government ought to pursue. A legitimate party presents and defends the measures by which it thinks the Government can best be sustained. If the country is at war, it brings forward its plans for its prosecution, and explains and defends them, having in view the integrity of the nation, the national honor, and the maintenance of the Government. Its attacks, if it be out of power, are directed against the method by which the war is waged, not against the war itself, especially when it is a civil war imperiling the existence of the nation. A legitimate party is of necessity patriotic; for when it ceases to be patriotic it has become faction.

Faction, then, is the spirit which incessantly thwarts and opposes the operations of the Government for the purpose of overthrowing it. It considers the fall of the Government a smaller calamity than its own exclusion from political power. Consequently, when the country is engaged in war, however necessary, honorable, and just, however essential to the very existence of the nation and government, faction denounces the war under the pretense of high humanity and religion, appeals to every base emotion, every mean and unworthy passion, seeking to paralyze the hand and chill the heart of the Government and the people.

Thus, in the last session of Congress, when certain representatives voted steadily against every measure proposed by the Government for prosecuting the war, without offering any substitute, they voted to deliver the country naked into the hands of its enemies. When some of their associates said to them, "Here we are, sworn to maintain the Government, and if our party has any measures to propose for that purpose we are ready to support them," the only answer they received was: "We are going to propose nothing. We are going to let the Administration go to the dogs in its own way." This was the reply of the most malignant faction. It was exactly the spirit of Benedict Arnold. It was the very reverse of a legitimate party opposition, for it was a blow at the life of the Government, under which alone legitimate parties exist.

At the next session the true Opposition has but one course to pursue, unless it acknowledges a purely factious character. Its only honorable course, as a party, is to propose wiser measures for the surer and speedier victory of the nation over the rebellion than the Administration proposes. Merely to block the wheels and to cast impediments in the path, merely to snarl, and growl, and hiss, is the course of cowards and sneaks. When Charles James Fox led the Parliamentary opposition to William Pitt, it was not when England was struggling with a foreign or domestic enemy, but when Fox and Pitt differed as to the means by which war was to be avoided and the authority of the British Government maintained intact. That was a legitimate opposition. But to oppose whatever the Administration proposes during the war, merely because it proposes it, is to make the welfare of the country a football, and to deserve the contempt of all true men.

Let the Opposition learn by last winter's experience, and by the prodigious emphasis of the election, that when the Government itself is directly assailed, the only honorable party question is how most surely to save it.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

The breakfast given by members of the Union League Club to Professor Goldwin Smith was a tribute worthy of the city and of the guest. Among the names of our foreign friends, friends who have constantly and with masterly power and eloquence vindicated our cause, none is fairer than that of Goldwin Smith. Professor of History at Oxford, and a close and wise student of the times and the men around him, he comprehends the exact significance of this great war of ours, and speaks to his countrymen with a historical knowledge of the career of England as a belligerent power which is most dangerous to provoke, and overwhelming when it is launched against English inconsistency.

Before he wrote or spoke of our affairs Professor Smith was known to intelligent observers not only by the lectures from his University chair and his comprehensive, luminous, and noble little work upon Ireland, but from his sagacious practical service as a leader of the liberal thinkers who inspire the liberal party in England. He was before Cobden in bearding the London *Times*. Early in 1862 he wrote: "The leading journal has indeed waged war against 'thinkers' for a quarter of a century with no questionable success." And with a fine exaltation, which recalls the better days and men of his country, he adds: "I am most willing to be called a 'thinker,' or, if possible, worse names, if I can contribute in the slightest degree toward inducing however small a section of the public to exercise forecast in politics; to study our position in the community of nations, its changes and its necessities; to mark the ways of Providence, and subdue ambition to them; and to lay, by deliberate action on intelligible principles, the solid foundations of happiness and greatness."

The opinion of foreigners upon our affairs is often compared to that of posterity; and certainly the views of a man like Goldwin Smith have the kind of equity that we attribute to those who come after us, and who are removed from the gusts of party opinion in which we live. How fully this is recognized, and how gladly our great debt to him is acknowledged, Professor Smith's reception in this country must have proved to him and to his companions in our vindication, Cobden, Bright, Cairnes, Newman, and the rest.

It was fortunate that Auguste Langel, who, with Gasparin, Laboulaye, Henri Martin, and other noble Frenchmen, have not less comprehended these events, was in the city and at the breakfast. M. Langel, in response to an honorary sentiment, spoke with a fluency and felicity which would have been charming in an American, but in a Frenchman expressing himself in a foreign tongue was extraordinary. And when Professor Botta, with his historic Italian-American name and traditions, spoke in the same English tongue and with the same generous sympathy, it was impossible not to feel that the generous heart of every truly civilized nation beats harmonious; and that the best men in each aim to make that general justice practicable which can alone secure the peace of the world.

THE BOSTON SAILORS' FAIR.

On the morning of election-day Captain Winslow, of the *Kearsarge*, came ashore at Boston, and going at once to his home in Roxbury, voted for the cause for which he had fought. On the next day the great Fair for the Sailors was opened in Boston by the customary speeches; but with a variety of material and a cordiality of purpose which show how true the national heart is to the brave men at sea who defend the national honor and the flag.

It was a happy event for the opening of the Fair that Captain Winslow, the hero of what is perhaps the most interesting single naval incident of the war, should be present. Yet the sinking of the *Alabama* was only one incident. The history of the navy in this war is fully worthy its earlier exploits. The fight at Hatteras; the opening of New Orleans, the defeat of the *Merrimac;* the capture of Hilton Head; the occupation of Mobile Bay; the sinking of the *Alabama;* the explosion of the *Albemarle;* the capture of the *Florida*, with the inflexible blockade maintained along the coast of a continent, and the hundred illustrious episodes of individual daring and victory, are all naval triumphs upon which the shades of Lawrence and Decatur, of Esek Hopkins and Oliver Perry may approvingly smile. When the war began there were some forty ships in the navy, and Isaac Toucey, the Secretary of the Navy, knowing that the Government was to be attacked, had put all but four of them out of its reach. Less than eight thousand men sufficed for the service of these ships. Now the vessels have increased to nearly six hundred, and fifty thousand seamen care for them. Meanwhile Farragut and Du Pont, and Worden and Porter and Winslow, have written their names bright and clear in our history.

The object of the Boston Sailors' Fair is to found a home for seamen, such as the United States has not yet provided. For by some remarkable arrangement nineteen or twenty years must elapse before one of the men, for instance, who fought upon the *Kearsarge* can become the permanent inmate of a United States marine hospital. To secure that berth a sailor must have been in the service for twenty years. This is making what the French would call a long antichamber.

The Fair has opened with such spirit that there can be no doubt of realizing a large sum for its generous purpose. Every body will be glad to cheer the honest heart of the sailor-boy, and to assure him, wherever, in strange and remote seas he fights for the flag, that those whom the flag protects hail his work and honor his bravery.

Mr. Stephen Massett is lecturing in Baltimore, where his "Drifting About" has proved very successful.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The interest in the military record of the past week is chiefly prospective, gathering especially about Sherman's projected campaign. In Virginia no important event has occurred, except the withdrawal of Sheridan's army to the vicinity of Winchester. He was followed by the rebel cavalry who, November 11, engaged Merritt and Custer. The latter retired, but did not succeed in drawing the enemy northward. The skirmishing was renewed the next day, Sheridan trying in vain to bring on a general engagement. General Powell advanced with his division, and drove the rebels through and beyond Front Royal, capturing two cannon, 150 prisoners, and several wagons. There is nothing new from the Army of the James, except that the enemy is lining the west bank of the James from the Howlett House, near Dutch Gap, to Drury's Bluff with a chain of formidable batteries. It is evidently the expectation of the rebels that on the completion of the Dutch Gap Canal Richmond will be attempted by a combined assault of our land and naval force. The Richmond *Examiner* (November 9) even supposes that Grant will be reinforced by the best part of Sheridan's army. Early's army is supposed to number from ten to fifteen thousand men. The rebels have on the James River three iron-clad rams, built on the plan of the *Tennessee*, and four wooden gun-boats.

On the night of November 5 about 600 of A. P. Hill's men made another sally to capture the pickets of Mott's Division A sharp skirmish followed, in which the rebels lost many men.

Commander Macomb's official report of the capture of Plymouth by our naval force gives as the results of the victory the capture of twenty-two cannon, many small arms, large quantities of ammunition, and a few prisoners. The *Albemarle* was found completely submerged. The following vessels took part in the expedition against Plymouth: the *Commodore Hull, Shamrock, Chicopee, Otsego, Wyalusing, Tacony*, and *Valley City.*

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood's movements for some time past have indicated an intention on his part of taking up finally a position on the Mississippi River. On the 23d of October he was at Brookeville, in Northern Alabama. At this point his army separated into three columns, all moving toward the Tennessee River with the design of crossing at three different points—Decatur, Whitesburgh, and Gunter's Landing. From this time his movements are not certainly known to us, but the necessity of supplying himself from the country probably led him to scatter his forces pretty widely along the banks of the Tennessee. Whether he will move northward on Chattanooga or Nashville time will develop. The Charleston *Mercury* of October 31 volunteers the opinion that Hood had better whip Sherman first and make his advance afterward; it does not see how a rebel army, not numerous enough to confront its adversary in the field, can afford to leave him in the rear. It says: "The idea of recruiting our army in Tennessee is good, provided we go there in the right way, inspiring confidence and showing power and skill. But a fugitive campaign of a week or two, ending in retreat or disaster, would do much more harm than good—would chill the lukewarm, and confirm the desponding and timid."

In the mean time General Sherman, leaving Thomas north of the Tennessee with a force sufficient to confront Hood, has moved with his main army in another direction. October 23 he was at Gaylesville, Alabama, having up to that time kept well in Hood's rear. From that point he moved to Resaca, and had reached Atlanta and joined Slocum's Corps at that place during the first week of November. Here the election took place on the 8th. Wednesday morning the rebels made three attacks on Atlanta, but were repulsed, retreating toward Macon. From this date we have no information, and the most various conjectures are made as to the movement upon which he probably set out on the 10th or 11th. General Gillem had just routed the enemy in East Tennessee, driving him into Virginia, and this has led to the supposition that Sherman's move will be along the line of the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. All of the Gulf States are open to him, and it is conjectured by many that he is moving southward to the coast, taking Andersonville in his way. This inference is also drawn from a note addressed by him to the Western Sanitary Commission, in which he says, under date of October 25 at Gaylesville: "I thank you for the prompt fulfillment of the request to send certain articles for our prisoners at Andersonville. Things have changed since, and I may go in person to deliver these articles to the prisoners." Others have supposed that he would move on Savannah or Charleston. The rebel papers, it is to be hoped, are as much bewildered about the affair as we are at the North. Atlanta is still held by the Twentieth Corps.

General A. J. Smith's Division from Memphis is at Paducah. Forrest has been operating on the Tennessee River in the western part of the State; but he failed in taking Johnsonville, which was his chief object, the river being always navigable to this point. On the 8th Wheeler and Forrest withdrew from Johnsonville on the approach of a Federal naval and land force to this point.

Several attempts have been made to cross Texas cattle over the Mississippi River for the benefit of Hood's army. It is supposed that a strong force of Texans were ready to co-operate with Hood on the west side of the Mississippi.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

On the 18th of September Admiral Porter presented a sword to Brigadier-General Joseph Bailey, who did him such service in extricating the gun-boats and other vessels of the fleet from their perilous position above the falls at Alexandria during the Red River expedition.

The rebels have three gun-boats on the Red River, the most formidable of which is the *Missouri*, mounting six heavy guns, and thickly armored. These are supposed to be lying at Shreveport. As the Red River is rising these boats are daily expected to descend.

November 6 General Canby was severely wounded by a guerrilla while ascending the White River on the gun-boat *Cricket.* It is thought that his recovery is doubtful.

EXPLOSION OF THE "TULIP."

On the 11th inst. the gun-boat *Tulip*, attached to the Potomac flotilla, left St. Mary's in the afternoon for the Washington Navy-yard. While passing Rugged Point in the early evening her boilers exploded, rending the upper portion of the vessel to atoms, scalding her officers and crew, and sending them about in every direction. She had on board 69 persons, officers and men. Of these only nine are accounted for, and some of these nine were mortally injured.

RESIGNATION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

The following order was issued by the President November 14:

1. That the resignation of George B. M'Clellan as Major-General in the United States army, dated November 8, and received by the Adjutant-General on the 10th inst., be accepted as of the 8th of November.

2. That for personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops displayed by Philip H. Sheridan on the 19th of October at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence his routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed Major-General in the United States Army, to rank as such from the 8th day of November, 1864.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

On the 7th of November the rebel Congress assembled at Richmond. Among those collected together on this occasion we recognize the familiar names of Hunter, Bocock, Johnson, Wigfall, Orr, Foote, and Rives. Of the members of the House, only 62 were present at the opening of the session, nearly half of whom represented rotten boroughs. The Richmond hotels embraced the opportunity to advance the price of board to $40 *per diem*

Davis's Message is of especial interest on account of the important measures upon which it touches. He devotes the first portion of the document to a review of the military campaign since June. He sees no disparaging feature in Sherman's advance into Georgia or in Grant's near approach to Richmond. The loss of all their cities, he claims, would still leave the contest undecided. He does not once allude to the Confederate defeats in the Valley, but points with an indignant gesture to Sheridan's barbarous mode of carrying on war. Mr Davis then proceeds to a consideration of the Confederate finances. The total amount of the rebel debt on the 1st of October was $1,147,976,208, of which about half was funded. The increase in debt during the six months from April to October was nearly $100,000,000. In these statements the foreign debt is omitted. This amounts to £2,200,000 in gold, or about $50,000,000 in Confederate currency, and is provided for by about 250,000 bales of cotton owned by the Government. To the foreign debt must also be added the soldiers' dues. Hood's army has not been paid for fifteen months. The chief difficulty, he says, to be apprehended is from a depreciated currency, which he attributes to two causes—redundancy in amount and want of confidence in ultimate redemption.

Mr. Davis advocates a universal conscription, exempting no class, and he advises that the detailment of editors, teachers, physicians, etc., be left to the discretion of the military authorities. In regard to the employment of slaves in the army he expresses himself with great caution. He thinks it would be wise to increase the number of slaves employed in accordance with the Act of February last, which provided for the impressment of 20,000 slaves. He claims, however, that the slave is not only property but also has a personal relation and obligation to the Government. If the slaves were used as soldiers then they would cease to be private property, and must pass over to the possession of Government. But Mr. Davis is not in favor of conferring freedom on the negro in order to make him a soldier, but only after a period of faithful service.

After the reading of the Message in the House, Mr. Blandford, of Georgia, presented a bill, placing all domiciled white males between 18 and 45 in the army, revoking all exemptions, and authorizing the President to make details when necessary. This was referred to Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Murray, of Tennessee, offered a joint resolution declaring that the Confederate States will give neither sympathy nor aid to the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico.

Then Mr. Swan, of Tennessee, offered a resolution declaring that no exigency exists or is likely to occur requiring the placing of negroes in the army, and he was desirous of prompt and decisive action which should put at once to rest the idea at which his resolution was aimed. The resolution was postponed to Thursday, November 10. A resolution was agreed to instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to introduce a bill for the purchase of clothing for Confederate soldiers in captivity. The House adjourned till the 10th. The Senate adjourned immediately after the reading of the President's Message.

On the 10th the Senate sat in secret session. In the House the subject of arming slaves was the order of the day. Mr. Chambers, of Mississippi, offered the following resolution;

Resolved, That the valor, constancy, and endurance of our citizen soldiers, assisted by the steady co-operation of all classes of our population not in the field, will continue a sufficient guarantee of the rights of the States and the independence of the Confederate States.

Mr. Chambers spoke at length in opposition to making soldiers of slaves.

The news of President Lincoln's re-election had been received at Richmond November 11. The rebels accept it as a declaration on the part of the North in favor of four years more of war, but claim that our perseverance will be exhausted before another year shall have closed.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is officially announced that the efficiency of the army in the field requires that the furloughs of all regimental officers and enlisted men fit for duty shall terminate on the 14th instant.

It is reported that General Hancock, in consequence of the condition of his wounds, is to be relieved of the command of the Second Corps, and assigned to the command of the Department of Washington, General Augur succeeding him in the Army of the Potomac.

Mosby, the famous guerrilla chief, a few days ago ordered seven of our men in his hands to be hung in retaliation for seven of his men who had been executed by General Custer. Four of these escaped; the others were hung near Berryville.

Lieutenant Brain, the captor of the United States steamer *Roanoke*, has been released by the Bermuda authorities upon showing his commission from the Confederate Secretary of the Navy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

Mr. John Leech, the celebrated illustrator of the pages of *Punch*, died on the 29th ult., aged 47 years.

The Schleswig-Holstein question has been finally settled by the treaty of peace signed October 30. Denmark cedes Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg to the victors. Lauenburg, in accordance with the vote of her Diet, will probably be annexed to Prussia.

THE EAST.

A terrific cyclone has broken over Calcutta, causing enormous destruction of property. Of two hundred vessels in the Hoogly (a branch of the Ganges), nineteen are reported to be totally lost, and of the remainder, twenty only are reported to be sea-worthy.

The fleet of the English, French, and Dutch has successfully attacked the forts of Prince Negato in the Straits of Shimonosaki. The Japanese have sued for peace and promise to open the Straits.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Incident of the Last Election.—At the last election a very interesting incident occurred at Sturbridge, Massachusetts. Deacon John Phillips, who is 104 years old, appeared at the town-hall and deposited his ballot for Presidential electors and State officers. He was brought in a carriage, and then conveyed into the hall in a chair, supported by a platoon of our returned soldiers, and received by the citizens of the town rising from their seats, amidst the tears and heart-felt emotions of all present. After resting for a moment, the venerable patriot expressed a desire to shake hands with all the returned soldiers. Some thirteen soldiers then formed in line. When each one was introduced to the patriarch, and took him by the hand, with the announcement of the time each had served in the army. After this, three hearty cheers were given for the returned soldiers, and three rousing cheers by the whole assembly for the "old soldier of the Revolution."

Colonel Edward Phillips, eldest son of the venerable deacon, now in his eightieth year then made an impromptu speech to the soldiers, in the course of which he said that he was the oldest man in town who was born in town, and yet, said he, my father is here and "still lives." The old gentleman was then presented with two sets of ballots. one for Abraham Lincoln and one for George B. M'Clellan, and requested before all present to take his choice, when he reached out his hand, and in an audible and deep-toned bass voice. said, "I shall take the one for Abraham Lincoln."

The town then voted that the chairman of the selectmen present the ballot-box to the old gentleman, who took his ballot with both hands and deposited it in the box, stating that he had voted for Washington for President, and had attended all the Presidential elections since, excepting that four years ago, when he was sick, and did not attend.

A chaplain in Arkansas says a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked her "if there was any Presbyterians around there?" She hesitated a moment, and said she "guessed her husband hadn't killed any since they'd lived there."

Murder Will Out.—A case is under examination at Albany which illustrates the importance of trifles in the detection of crime. In September a cattle-dealer by the name of Thompson was murdered in West Albany under circumstances which appeared to furnish no clew to the detection of the murderer. A stranger had gone out in the evening with Thompson from his hotel to look at some cattle just arrived from Saratoga, and penned in an obscure portion of the market. The next morning the cattle-dealer was found murdered, and robbed of about $5000. The criminal had escaped. But a drover had seen the two men together on the day of the murder, and remembered the stranger, who had asked him, "Didn't you keep bar somewheres? Haven't I seen you before?"

A month afterward the drover was in the cars on his way to Schenectady, and falling into conversation with a stranger, the latter abruptly asked him, "Didn't you keep bar somewheres? Haven't I seen you before?" Upon this followed the arrest of the murderer, who, but for this casual repetition of a question, might possibly have escaped detection.

This case reminds us of a similar one of recent occurrence in England. This, however, was a case of robbery. A house-breaker having plundered a house of considerable valuable property in the course of his rummaging went into the upper story. No one was at home but the housemaid, and she was at this time preparing to retire for the night. As the robber peeped in he saw her before the mirror with her night-dress and night-cap on, and heard her remark, "How nice I look in my night-cap!" A few days afterward this girl encountered two young men on the street and one of them thoughtlessly said, "How nice I look in my night-cap!" The recognition then became mutual and the robber was arrested.

Artemus Ward writes that he is tired of answering the question as to how many wives Brigham Young has. He says that all he knows about it is that he one day used up the multiplication-table in counting the long stockings on a clothes-line in Brigham's back-yard, and went off feeling dizzy. Even when in Mormondom Artemus, about to give an entertainment, gave a prominent Mormon a family-ticket, and as a consequence he found his evening audience made up entirely of "dead-heads," with a long string of the privileged family trailing some distance outside.

Five miles from Waterville is Derrynane, the well-known residence of O'Connell. It lies low on the shore of a little bay, and is sheltered to landward by a grove of trees; it looks like the quiet drowsy residence of an old-fashioned country gentleman, and it is difficult to realize in it the head-quarters of the Emancipation and Anti-Union agitations. His eldest son and successor, the late Mr. Maurice O'Connell, was a celebrated shot, and one of his amusements in driving along the road was to shoot the wretched little dogs which rush out from every cabin to bark at strangers. He was an unfailing shot, and it was a grotesque thing to witness the zeal with which men and women would snatch up the yelping curs and hurry them out of sight the moment his carriage was seen. It was not always, however, that such precautions were availing, for on one occasion he shot a dog in the arms of its owner. Another day, walking in the streets of Tralee with a friend, they espied a luckless tobacconist peacefully smoking his cigar in front of his own shop-door. "You can't knock that fellow's cigar out of his mouth," suggested his friend. "Can't I?" said Maurice; "you shall see." This time, unluckily, his aim was not as true as usual, for he carried away the tip of the tobacconist's nose, and had to pay a fine of £400 for the pleasure of performing the operation.

The sponge business has become a prominent department of industry in the Bahama Islands. It is almost entirely the growth of the last twenty years, and nets annually about 20,000 dollars. The sponge is fished and raked from the sandy bottom of the ocean at the depth of twenty, forty, or sixty feet. It belongs to a very low order of animal life, organization hardly being detected. When first taken from the water it is black, and becomes exceedingly offensive from decomposition. It is so poisonous in this condition that it almost blisters the flesh it happens to touch. The first process is to bury it in the sand, where it remains for two or three weeks, in which time the gelatinous animal matter is absorbed and destroyed by the insects that swarm in the sand. After being cleansed it is compressed and packed in bales like cotton. The sponge has been applied to a variety of new purposes, and within the past few years has quadrupled in value.

Tigers at Singapore.—In Singapore the average mortality caused by tigers has for a long time been calculated at one man a day. The local Government have recently made great efforts to drive away these destructive animals. Convicts have been specially employed to hunt them down, and the reward offered for their destruction has been considerably increased. These measures have to a certain extent proved successful, but that they have not been altogether so is shown by a statement in a late number of the *Straits Times.* In little more than a fortnight in the month of August last five men had been killed by tigers, and these were not merely conjectural cases, but cases in which the evidence of the cause of death was indisputable.

Marie Antoinette.—In the beginning of her married life, to use the poetical yet truthful language of Burke, "she glittered like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy." Radiant with hope, and dreading no danger, for she felt no sin, she may have been, by excess of candor or the too unrestrained flow of animal spirits, occasionally thoughtless or even imprudent. But after winnowing and sifting every act of her life for seventy-two years and more, most impartial men have now come to the conclusion that, in every passage of her history in which unfavorable opinions were formed of her conduct, she has been the victim of calumny and slander. To her mother she was always a respectful and dutiful daughter, as to her husband she was always a dutiful and loving wife. This she showed in her whole conduct, as well as in the letters collected by Count d'Hunolstein and M. Feuillet de Conches, in which appear that careless candor, that perfect *abandon* and *espieglerie* so compatible with, and oftenest joined to, the most perfect purity of mind and morals.

The rewards of literary success, as indeed of success in any pursuit whatever, are in these days something marvelous. It is said that Mr. Tennyson has already realized £10,000 by the sale of his last volume, and that Mr. Wilkie Collins is to receive £3000 for his new novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and still be at liberty to republish it in a complete form after it has appeared in the periodical. And it is not only in England that these large sums are realized by authors. No less than 30,000 copies of an illustrated edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" were lately sold in a few days, and 1500 more were ordered. The times are changed indeed since Dr. Johnson was obliged to dance attendance in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room in the vain hope of obtaining a paltry dedication fee.

A young nobleman of the Papal States, on succeeding to his family title, found that his uncle and predecessor had expended nearly the whole property in assisting the Pope at the time of his flight from Rome. The young man was left all but penniless; he naturally determined to seek Pio IX., expose his condition, and implore from his Holiness either repayment, or some such office as would recompense his loss. It proved, however, no easy matter for him to obtain the desired interview. By some *unaccountable* contingency the Pope was never able to receive him, though he applied through many channels for the favor. Months passed on, and finally two or three years, and the young nobleman was still soliciting the permission to lay his claim before his holy debtor. At last the Pope undertook one of his journeys; the nobleman followed him, found him on one occasion less carefully guarded than usual, forced the *consigne* at his private door, and entering the sacred presence, threw himself at his Holiness's feet, and expounded his case. The Pope listened both patiently and amiably while the youth detailed all that his uncle had given, and how the family estates were mortgaged in consequence, and how since the uncle's death he had been seeking the Pope to obtain favorable consideration of his claims. The Pope, as I have said, listened most graciously, insomuch that the nobleman congratulated himself in the confident hope that his petition would assuredly be granted. "And how long ago is it," said the Pope, "since your excellent uncle died?" "Just four years ago, may it please your Holiness." "Then," returned the Pope, "for four years exactly, *il suo signor zio has received in heaven the reward of his magnanimous devotion to the Holy See.* Benedicite!" This said, and extending his two fingers over the abashed and kneeling suppliant, Pio IX. swept out of the room

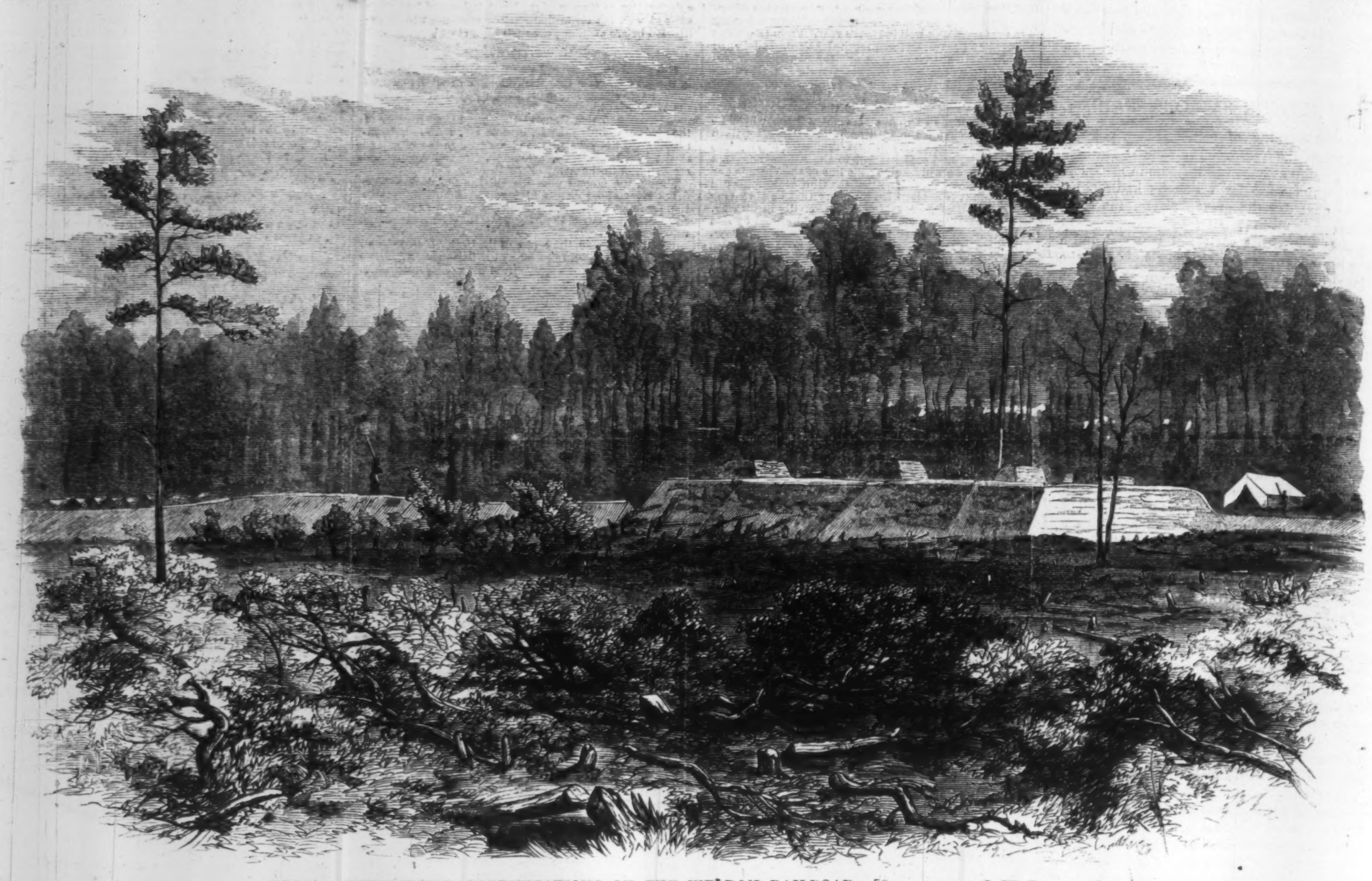
A Bishop in Puribus.—We can not resist the temptation of relating the following anecdote of the Apostolic Bishop of New Zealand, the scene of whose adventure lies here. He had persuaded the Bishop of Newcastle to start with him from Sydney on a missionary cruise in his little yacht to New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Loyalty, and other islands in his then extensive diocese. Like ourselves they put in at the Bay of Islands. The Bishop of New Zealand wished to show his brother of Newcastle a little of the country, and for that purpose proposed to take him to a distant station on the other side of this very river. The ground was soft and boggy, as we had found it, and the Bishop of Newcastle had never been accustomed to "rough it" in such a country as this. He could ride his fifty miles a day in his own diocese; but his hardy brother always walked, and besides there were no horses to be had here. Always neat and spruce in his dress, looking "as if he had just come out of a bandbox," and afraid like a cat to wet his feet, he picked his way most carefully and delicately, unlike his brother Bishop, who tramped on "through thick and through thin," till at last they came to the river side. The river was swollen with the heavy rain which had been pouring down in torrents for some days previously, and he of Newcastle looked awfully puzzled, wondering how they were to cross—neither bridge nor ford being visible in any direction. He was still further puzzled when he saw the Bishop of New Zealand, without a word, deliberately taking off shoes, leggings, stockings, and, last of all, his breeches In reply to his brother Bishop's "whatever next?" he coolly collected his various articles of dress and stepped into the river up to his apron, calling out as he did so, "Now then, Newcastle, off with your breeks, and follow your leader!" There was no help for it, as there was no other means of crossing the river, and the good Bishop invariably refused to be carried across by any of his Maori suite, on the ground that it was not right to treat such noble fellows "like beasts of burden."

A banquet of horse-flesh at Lyons, which came off lately, was attended by a considerable number of commercial and manufacturing notabilities, advocates, medical men, and others. The guests expressed great satisfaction at the dishes prepared.

The daily consumption of oysters in Paris, notwithstanding their high price, ranging from 80 cents to 100 cents per dozen, is between 7000 and 8000 baskets. Each basket contains 150, so that Paris requires daily from 1,050,000 to 1,200,000 of these mollusks—a total of 36,000,000 a month, or 228,000,000 for the eight months containing the letter r, during which oysters are in season.

Dear Walnuts.—On Monday, the 26th of September, General Hitchens, Mayor of Tenterden, England, sitting alone at the Town Clerk's office, sentenced a boy of sixteen, named William Webb, for a theft of six walnuts from a tree, to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. No previous offense of any sort was alleged against the boy.

A Wheel-barrow Full.—An ancient barrow was opened a few days ago near Whitechurch in Hants. It measured eighty feet in circumference and four feet in height, and was composed of chalk, rubble, and flints. A small crushed urn, four skeletons, three those of adults, and the other of a girl of about twelve years old, and a small sun-baked urn filled with calcined bones and ashes, and nine small rudely-chipped flint arrow-heads were found in the barrow.



BEFORE PETERSBURG—FORTIFICATIONS ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. PATTISON.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

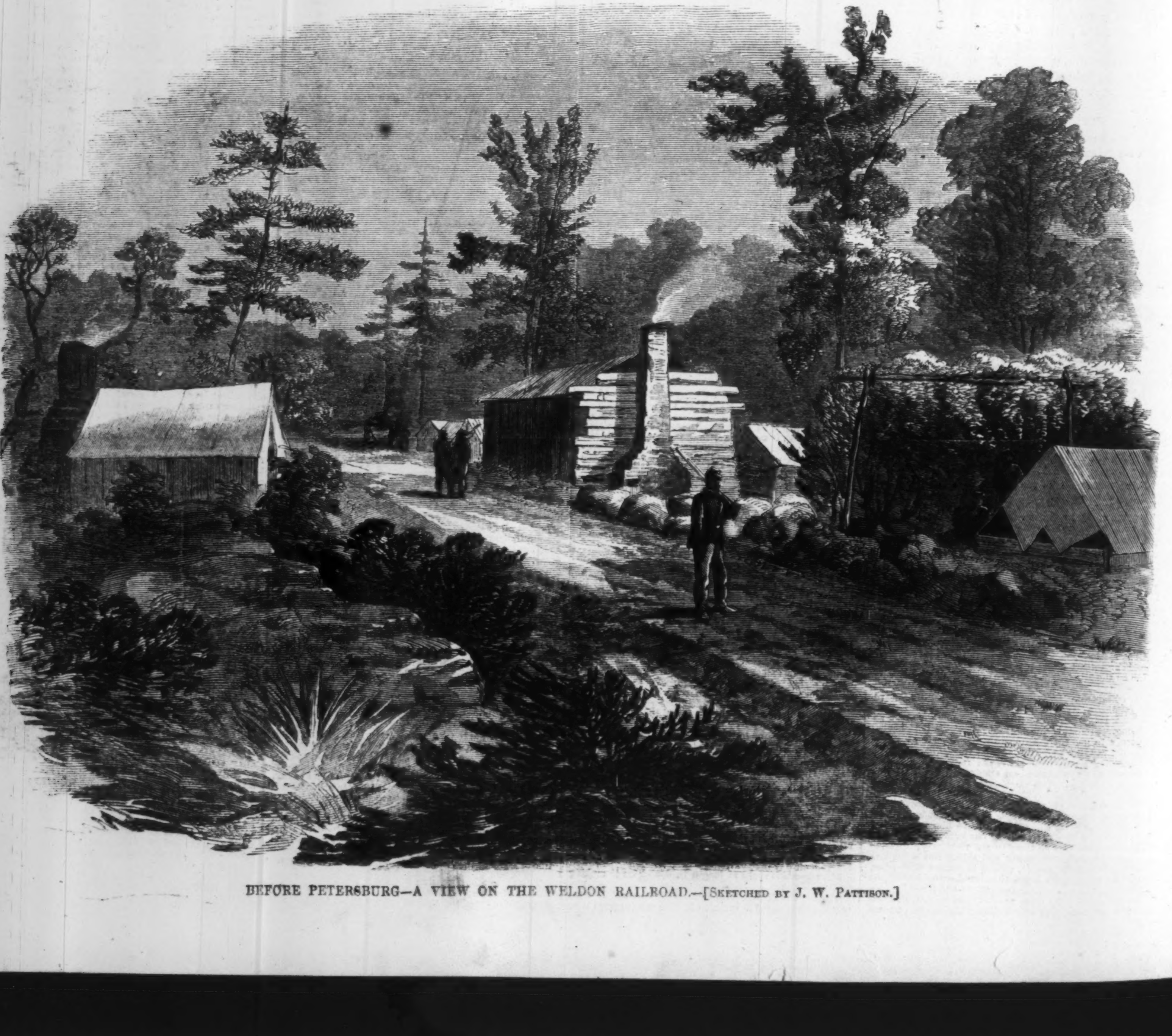
WE print on this and the next page illustrations of General GRANT's campaign against Richmond. These comprise a view on the Weldon Railroad, showing the present condition of that road, and sketches of fortifications on and to the left of the railroad; of reinforcements on their way to the front, and of a peculiar mode of punishing refractory soldiers who, refuse duty because, having enlisted for the cavalry, they have been put in the infantry instead. The officer in command accosts one of these disappointed soldiers thus:

"Then you want to ride a horse, do you?"

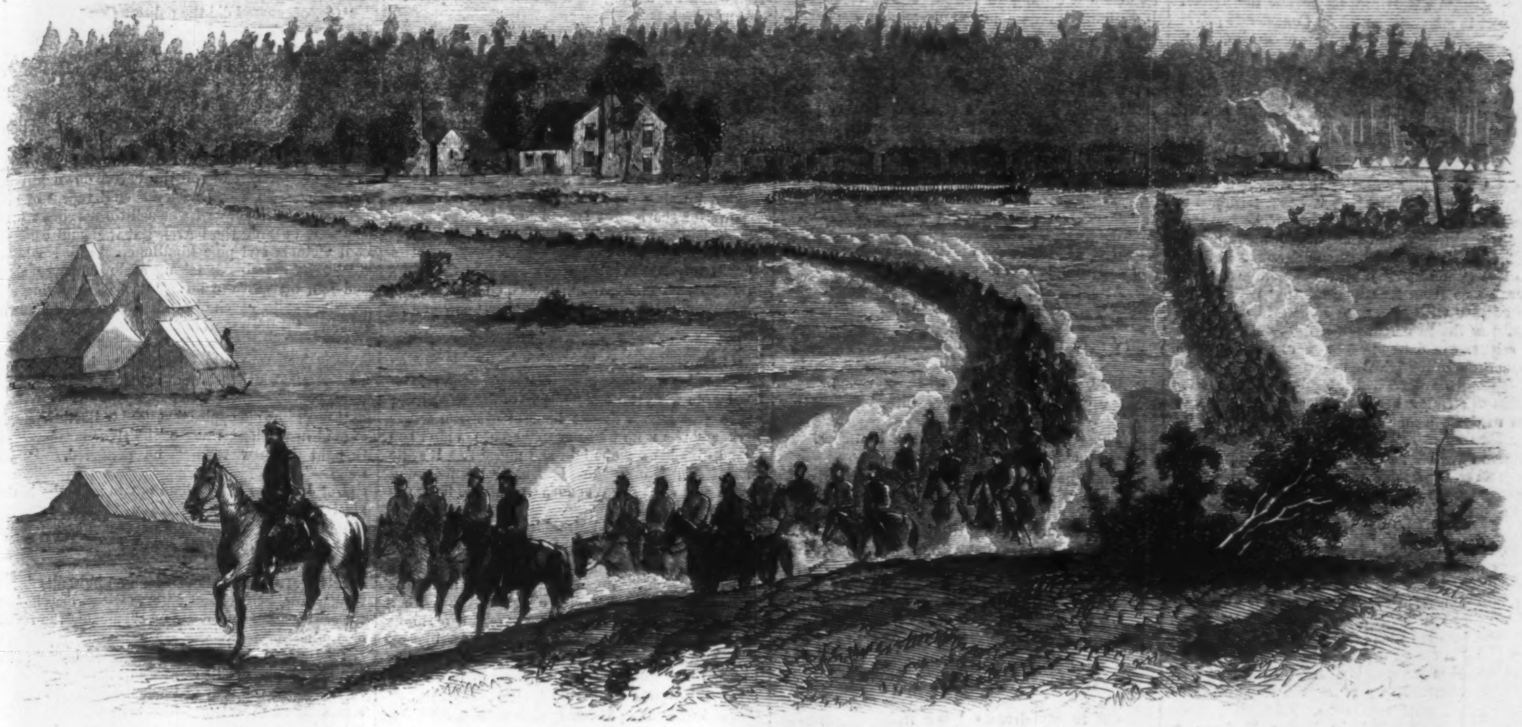
"Yes Sir."

"Corporal, fix him a horse."

The horse is brought, and turns out to be a wooden one with a not very generous allowance of back. Upon this the soldier is mounted, and a wooden sabre is placed in his hand. Punishment for dis-



BEFORE PETERSBURG—A VIEW ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. PATTISON.]



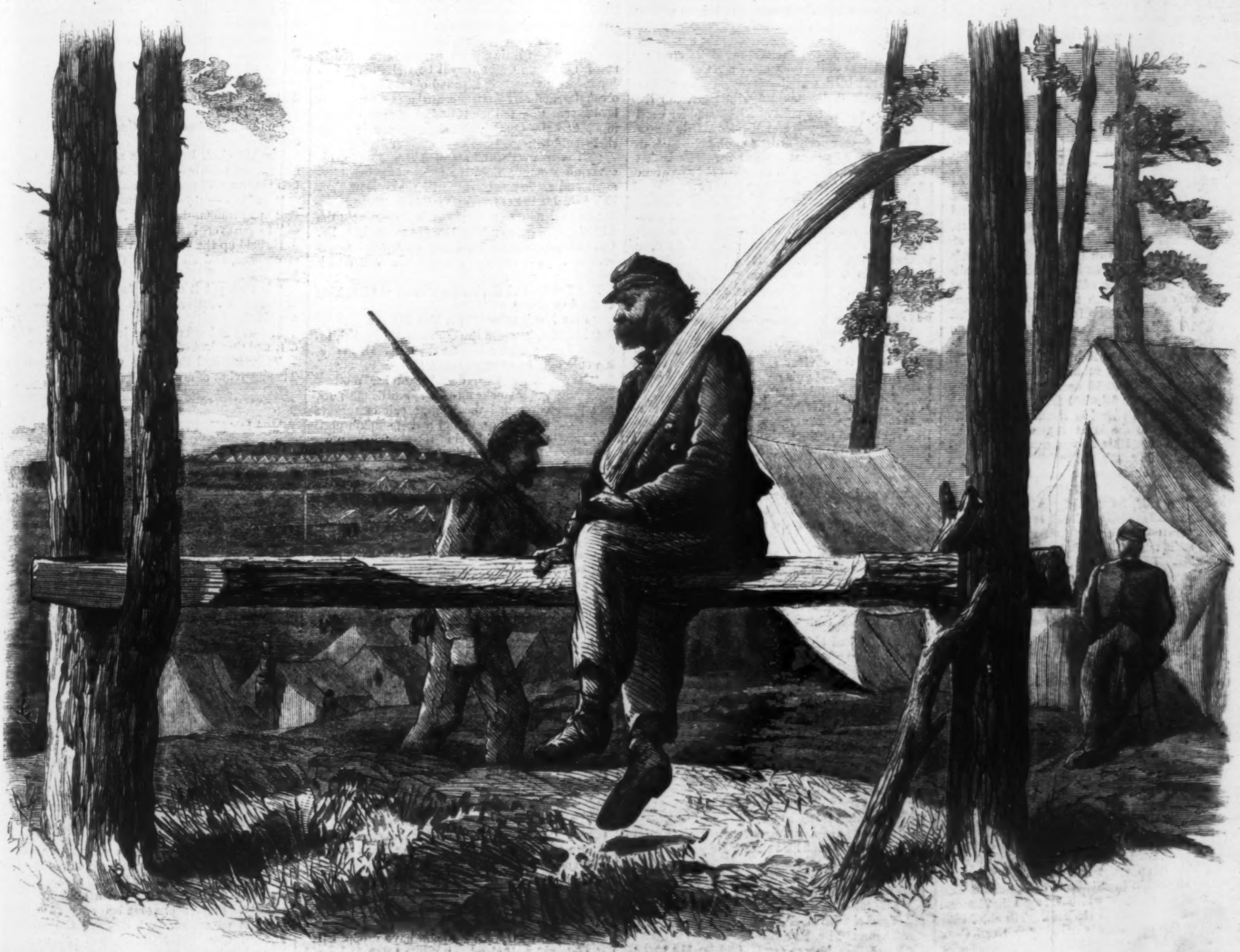
BEFORE PETERSBURG—REINFORCEMENTS GOING TO THE FRONT.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

obedience of orders is always just: still we can only regard it as natural that a soldier enlisting as a cavalryman should object to serving in another capacity. The punishment, however, which lasts three or four hours, is usually effectual, and the "mounted" infantry-man leaves his horse well satisfied with his short service in "the cavalry."

CAPTURE OF THE "FLORIDA."

We illustrate on our first page the capture by the *Wachusett* of the rebel war-steamer *Florida*, which took place in the Bay of San Salvador October 7, and give the portraits of Captain Morris, of the *Florida*, and Captain Collins, of the *Wachusett*.

The *Florida*, formerly known as the *Oreto*, was originally built for the Italian Government, as was alleged, was purchased by the rebels and sent to sea in March, 1862, and has enjoyed a longer lease of predatory life than has been allowed to other privateers. This vessel has outrivaled even the *Alabama* in its destructive work. She was, after the destruction of the *Alabama*, the most powerful privateer in the Anglo-Confederate navy. Her burden was 750 tons. She arrived at Bahia, in the Bay of San Salvador, on the 5th of October, having just one week before captured and burned the *Mondamon* off Pernambuco. The United States steamer *Wachusett* was then in port, and at first the *Florida*



BEFORE PETERSBURG—"MOUNTED INFANTRY."—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

anchored in the offing, but was immediately invited by the Brazilian admiral to come into the harbor, where she lay on the 6th under the guns of the Brazilian forts and the Brazilian fleet. It is stated that during the day efforts were made by some of the citizens of Bahia to induce Captain MORRIS to take the *Florida* outside to fight the *Wachusett*, but that the Captain declined the engagement. There is nothing to indicate that the *Florida* came into port for any other purpose than to take in coals and provisions. On the night of the 6th Captain MORRIS and a good portion of his crew were on shore. The *Wachusett* was lying just outside the harbor. This port is a favorite resort for Confederate privateers because it has three separate channels of exit. This, of course, was an unfavorable feature in Captain COLLINS's view of the situation, since the *Florida* might easily escape by one of these channels under cover of the darkness. He called a council of his officers, and in the debate which followed one thing was especially considered, namely, that the *Florida* had repeatedly seized and burned American vessels within three miles of the Brazilian coast. With but one dissenting vote it was determined to seize the *Florida* at her anchorage. The fact that there was a debate, and that the consideration already alluded to was the principal reason in favor of the extraordinary measure determined upon, leaves us no room for supposing that the measure was adopted with either the expressed or implied consent of the Brazilian authorities. At any rate the seizure was determined upon, and at 3 A.M. on the morning of the 7th the cables were slipped, and the *Wachusett* approached the *Florida* with the intention of striking her amidships and send her at once to the bottom. This might have passed for an accidental collision, and thus the international question have been evaded. But the collision did not produce the intended effect. Captain COLLINS thereupon demanded the surrender of the *Florida*. The officer in charge of the latter replied that, under the circumstances, he surrendered, and the captured vessel, her guns having been removed to the *Wachusett*, was tied to that vessel, and was carried out to sea. These are the facts of the capture, and it is uncertain as yet whether the Brazilian Government will make a protest against it. If it does, the question then becomes one subject to litigation, and in case it is proved that the *Florida* has captured any of our vessels within the limits of Brazilian jurisdiction the capture will stand valid as simply a measure of retaliation.

The *Wachusett* was built in the Charlestown Navy-yard, and launched in 1861. Her length is [illegible] feet, breadth of beam 22, and depth 15. She carries a heavy armament consisting of two 11-inch Dahlgren pivot guns, two 30-pound rifles, and eight broadside guns. Previous to her cruise in search of privateers she was employed as flag-ship on James River.

Captain NAPOLEON COLLINS was born in Pennsylvania, and is about fifty years of age. He was, in 1834, appointed a midshipman in the navy, and made his first cruise on the sloop of war *Natchez* under Commander MERVINE, of the West India Squadron. In 1839 he entered the naval school at Philadelphia. He was afterward attached to the sloop of war *Boston*, and to the frigate *Constellation* as acting master; in 1848, having spent four years at home, he was ordered to the sloop of war *Decatur*, on the African coast, having been promoted to a Lieutenancy. In 1851 we find him in service on Lake Erie, six years afterward, under FARRAGUT, he was executive officer of the navy-yard at Mares Island, California, and in 1860, having again served on Lake Erie for a few months, he was ordered to the sloop of war *Vandalia* under the present Admiral S. P. LEE, in the East India Squadron. He was, on the return of the *Vandalia*, made commander of the gun-boat *Unadilla*, which was one of the vessels engaged in Admiral DU PONT's Port Royal expedition. During the winter of 1861 and 1862 he was very actively engaged with the *Unadilla*, in company with the other gun-boats, in opening the rebel ports and sounds on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, under the command of Admiral DU PONT. On the 16th of July, 1862, he was promoted to his present rank as full commander, standing at present No. 19 on the list. In September, 1862, he was detached from the command of the *Unadilla* and placed in command of the *Octorara*, cruising in the West Indies in search of blockade-runners. Here he was successful in taking some valuable prizes, and maintaining as sharp a blockade as the circumstances and the speed of his vessel would permit.

In August, 1863, he was detached from the *Octorara*, and subsequently ordered to the command of the steam-sloop *Wachusett*, on special service, and sent some months since in search of the privateer *Florida*. In this pursuit he has been engaged for months, and succeeded finally in capturing the privateer in the manner above stated. He has been thirty years in the naval service, of which he has spent over twenty-one at sea.

The *Florida* was originally under the command of Captain MAFFIT; at the time of her capture she was commanded by C. MORINGAULT MORRIS. The portrait which we give of Captain MORRIS is from a photograph taken a few months ago at Brest, France, which port the *Florida* entered September 4, 1863. He has been Captain of this privateer for more than a year. The *Florida*, it will be remembered, was for some months detained at Brest by the French Government.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

ON pages 760 and 761 we illustrate the chase of a blockade-runner by a portion of one of our squadrons. This is an event now of everyday occurrence. In fact, a peculiar sort of commerce has sprung up, the profits of which rest upon the chances of running the American blockade. The chief emporium of this commerce is Wilmington, North Carolina. The foreign loan, which forms the most substantial support of the Confederate financial system, rests entirely upon the chances of Confederate vessels laden with cotton evading our blockading vessels in going out; and the Confederate Ordnance Department has subsisted on the chances of vessels from abroad laden with guns and ammunition evading our blockaders in coming in. Vessels engaged in this transit to and fro are built by special companies, who trust with all the confidence of a BUCKLE, in the average of so many successes in so many runs, and in the long-run they make enormous profits notwithstanding the number of special instances in which they come to grief. The insurance of ships engaged in running the blockade is regulated according to the same laws of chance. If Wilmington were in our possession the whole basis of this new and peculiar commerce would undergo a material alteration.

Many of the officers of our blockading fleet have grown rich out of the results of their captures. According to the Prize Law one half of every prize goes to the Government. The other half is divided among the officers and seamen of the capturing fleet according to their monthly pay.

DREAMLAND.

OUT of the sweet old legends
Beckons a fair white hand,
And silvery, bell-like voices
Tell of an unknown land,

Where magic roses blossom
In the evening's golden light,
And the air is laden with fragrance
From the lilies silver-white.

The trees with their waving branches,
Murmur a fairy song,
And the brooklet merrily dances
As it ripples and gurgles along.

And tender, enchanting love-songs
Float on the balmy breeze,
And the heart's unspeakable longing
By their music is set at ease.

Would that my steps could reach it,
That happy, flowery strand!
For all my earthly afflictions
Would cease in that fairy land.

Oft in my dreams I see it,
In its glamour bright and fair,
But with daylight's earliest glimmer
It vanishes into air.

GOLDEN PIPPINS.

"NOW, Ray, seriously, you are not vexed with me? You yourself would have been the first to bid me go."

Far down below the precipitous ledges of the mountain path the valley seemed to swim in mists of gold, while here and there, among the overhanging trees, a deep-dyed sumach tossed its crest of crimson plumes in the spicy air of mid October and the coral-red berries of the dogwood glowed like burning coals in the tangled wildernesses of the woods. It was a very pretty back-ground for wood nymph, or hamadryad, and Rachel Martin's attitude was unconsciously artistic as she played with the wild blue asters that covered her little basket of hickory nuts, spoils from the great old tree whose giant branches overtopped the whole forest.

She was plump and pretty, with round wondering blue eyes and a mouth like a magnified cranberry, while the roses on her cheek seemed to come and go with every breath she drew, and the faint touches of sunshine on her brow gave additional charm to her fresh, rustic beauty. Mark Douglas leaned over the twisted beech-root that separated them, and tried to take the brown hand in his, but it was drawn away with decided quickness.

"Ray, dearest!"

Ah, he did not see the blood mantling to her cheek under the envious shadow of the atrocious "Shaker-bonnet"—he did not hear the quick, stormy throbbing of the petulant heart. "Dearest," indeed! When Keziah Truman's beau never so much as went to Boston without asking her leave, and Charley Jenkins had distinctly intimated that the whole programme of his future existence was to be indicated solely by Miss Martin's wish. Yes, it was all very well for Captain Mark to stay at home, officiating in the Home Guard department: she liked the uniform, and didn't object to the martial *éclat*. But to go down among the rebels without so much as consulting her inclination, the spoiled beauty thought *that* was altogether a different thing.

"I see you are in no mood to discuss this matter impartially just now, Rachel," Captain Mark said, gravely. "I had thought, I had hoped to find you feeling differently."

"In no mood!" Rachel colored hot scarlet. What right had Mark Douglas to treat her like a naughty child?

"I beg your pardon, Captain Douglas," she said, petulantly; "it isn't at all necessary to discuss a matter so perfectly indifferent to me."

Now Mark Douglas was only a man, with all the infirmities incident to mankind. He bit his lip, and his brow grew dark.

"Rachel, you seem to have forgotten the engagement."

"Engagement!" she repeated, sharply. "I am tired of an engagement that only fetters one party while the other is free as air."

"Tired!" He hesitated a moment, as if vainly striving to command his voice: "Do you wish to be released, Ray?"

She did not answer—perhaps she was not quite prepared for this phase of affairs.

"Tell me—yes or no!" he demanded, sternly.

"Yes," she answered, with pettish abruptness.

"Then good-by, Ray."

Gone? Yes, he was gone. She watched him descending the mountain side with quick, even strides under the scarlet draperies of clinging vines, through patches of deep, still shadow into belts of golden sunshine, until the overhanging rock hid him from her view; yet it seemed so difficult to believe that he was really gone.

She looked down at the tiny engagement-ring that sparkled on her forefinger—a simple turquoise set in virgin gold, whose blue glimmer shone dimly through her tears—and she could not but remember the tender words with which he had placed it on her finger.

"Let it be a token between us, dearest, like the signet rings of old times. Wherever I may be, this ring will always bring heart back to its queen."

And now!

"I ought to have returned it," she pondered, shrinking as if the slender circlet of gold were a ring of fire. "I *will*—some time!"

So Mark Douglas lost his sweet-heart, and marched down to Petersburg a solitary man, marveling, as many a one has done before him, on the inscrutable mysteries of the female heart.

"Dretful keen wind, ain't it?" said the Widow Taylor, untying the strings of her worsted hood; "powerful sharp frost last night! Deacon Pettibone's dahlias is black as soot, and all Miss Morrison's mornin'-glories is blasted. Thankee, Miss Martin, my feet *is* cold; won't you take the rockin'-cheer yourself? Why, Rachel, child, what ails you? all the neighbors are talkin' 'bout how you've changed!"

Rachel colored, and turned away.

"I am well enough."

"I tell ye what, Miss Martin," began Mrs. Taylor, in a mysterious whisper to the elder lady, "you jest take a double handful o' green willer bark, and bile it up well—or snakeroot tea ain't bad—and give her a pint night and mornin'. It's the most strengthening thing! But I've come round to tell you what the Women's Committee have decided on."

"Ah, indeed?" said Mrs. Martin, inquiringly.

"We all feel to be dretful thankful the harvest's been so good, and—and—every thing's fetched up jest about right," intoned the widow; "and so we thought it would be kind o' squarin' up with a marciful Providence to send a box or tew o' things out to them poor soldiers that's a fightin' like all possessed! It's only accordin' to Scripter, you know, and it would be a kind o' nice little Thanksgivin' gift, now wouldn't it?"

The widow drooped her eyelids sanctimoniously, and went on:

"Miss Darby's kindly giv us a bushel o' them sweet-potatoes they raised in the south pasture lot. They're a little damaged, not exactly fit for market, but there's no doubt the soldiers 'll be glad to get 'em; and Miss Deacon Pettibone has promised us a lot o' that there fermented peach sass, and Desire Wallis has made up a sight o' book marks, and Widow Smith has cooked a peck o' dough-nuts, without no sweetnin'. Sugar's so high, and 'tain't likely the soldiers care for sweet stuff. As for me, I reely don't like to tell about *my* mite; but I hunted up a few o' poor dear Deacon Taylor's old trowsers and coats in the garret—a little moth-eaten and rather tender, but I hain't no doubt they'll be welcome. Old Jones has giv' us half a pound o' tea and a pound o' candles, and Mr. Meriam contributes a set o' law-books, that they tell me is dretful improvin' readin'. And the Committee calc'lated you and Rachel would help us."

"Of course we will," assented Mrs. Martin, recovering promptly from the momentary bewilderment and amusement caused by the Widow Taylor's valuable list of treasures; "and—"

"Then I may as well be stirrin'," ejaculated the widow, jumping up; "for I've got to see Miss Dr. Davison and Squire Ladd yet to-night. Good-evenin' t' ye—and don't forget the willer-bark tea!"

Mrs. Martin and Rachel both burst out laughing as the door closed.

"Poor Mrs. Taylor!" said Mrs. Martin.

"Mamma, how can she?" demanded Rachel, indignantly. "*Such* a box for the soldiers! Why, it would only be an aggravation!"

"Never mind, Ray, dear," said her mother, soothingly; "I'll make up a lot of *real* dough-nuts, and pack 'em round the biggest pair of turkeys father can find, with a box of little pumpkin pies; and you shall send a barrel of those golden pippins from the old tree beyond the brook—the tree Mark Douglas liked so well. They're in the garret, in that old green chest: and be sure and put in plenty o' good clean straw to prevent their mellerin' against each other."

Rachel obeyed; and Mrs. Martin never had the least idea of the tears she shed, with her trim little figure half into the barrel, as she packed the great fair yellow apples among the yellower straw. If the golden pippins could only have spoken, what a Thanksgiving story they might have told to the Army of the Potomac!

Mr. Martin's broad face beamed with satisfaction as he harnessed up old Dolly to carry the box and barrel to Boston.

"It's jest like you women-folks to keep thinkin' of such things," he declared. "Now it never wouldn't ha' come into *my* great wooden head—and jest to think how much better *our* Thanksgivin' dinner'll taste for rememberin' the poor fellows that's a-fightin' for us! Gee up, Dolly!"

And Mr. Martin winked his misty eyes and cracked his whip simultaneously.

"I—don't—see—where—it—can—be!"

The golden vapors were all faded away from the sweet valley now—the grey November sky stretched its dreary canopy of cloud over the glens and forests, and the yellow leaves were raining sadly down around Ray Martin's feet as she hurriedly traversed the mountain path, pushing aside the red and russet drifts with eager, tremulous fingers, and searching as if for some precious lost talisman.

"Oh, to think that I should have dropped it!" she faltered, half aloud. "While I wore it I could still fancy our parting was but a dream. Oh, where *could* I have lost it!"

And she sat down on the twisted beech-root and cried heartily, while the moaning of the chill wind brought back an echoing cadence to her ears.

"Gone—gone!"

"A barrel of golden pippins! O Mars! isn't it jolly?"

The first lieutenant executed an impromptu hornpipe around the barrel as Captain Douglas prized up the cover with a hammer.

"We're very much obliged to Company A," said the latter, sedately. "I hope you didn't forget that, Jennings?"

"Oh, of course I did the polite. Company A was so obliging as to send us the barrel, and keep the great leviathan of a box for its own delectation. I just wish you could have seen Dodsley's face when he opened it!"

"What do you mean?"

"Such a conglomeration of decaying Carolina potatoes, sour sweetmeats, old rags, and law-books! I didn't stop to investigate very closely, however; it was my interest to roll the barrel down hill as fast as possible, lest Dodsley should repent of his generosity. I confess I was a little nervous while you were opening the barrel, lest it should contain cold victuals and pine kindlings. Hullo! what's this?" he exclaimed, taking a slip of paper that had lain beneath the lid: "'A Thanksgiving remembrance!' Much obliged to you, my unknown friend. I'll keep *my* Thanksgiving now."

Douglas caught the slip from his friend's hand; a deep flush rose into his cheek as he recognized Ray Martin's delicate and rather peculiar handwriting.

"The same old apples that used to lie like spheres of gold in the long grass of the river meadow! I thought I knew them!" he pondered. "Jennings—"

But Jennings had dodged out to promulgate the good tidings among his fellow-officers. At the same instant Mark Douglas's eye caught a foreign glitter among the yellow straw.

The turquoise ring!

His heart gave a sudden leap as he remembered the careless, half-romantic words with which he had placed it on her finger. And then came the revulsion of feeling.

"What a fool I am! as if she could have known the destination of this chance gift!"

Yet above the cold and calculating voice of reason, a far more welcome tone kept repeating to the ear of his heart, with perpetual refrain,

"She has called me back to her, she has called me back!"

The twilight of Thanksgiving Eve was brooding darkly over Mr. Martin's great, old-fashioned kitchen, where the glow of pine logs afforded the only illumination, and a shrill-voiced cricket piped behind the chimney bricks. Ray saw the red gleams flickering on the leafless maples across the road, as she walked slowly down the sloping path, with a gray shawl wrapped round her head, and fresh carnations, born of the sharp, keen wind, on her cheeks.

She started in quick affright as a footstep sounded among the rustling leaves at her side, and a gentle touch fell on her arm.

"Ray!"

And then she knew that the troubled dream was over.

The old clock behind the strings of red pepper had chimed nine before Rachel thought of the question that would have been most natural to ask first.

"But how—why—what made you come back?"

"You summoned me, Ray."

"I? Never, Mark!"

He held up the turquoise ring with an arch look of defiance, and all at once the truth broke upon her.

"Let me put it on your finger once again, Ray, never to be removed except for the wedding-ring of gold!"

She let her head droop an instant upon his shoulder, and then looked up through sparkling tears.

"Oh, Mark, I think this will be the most *real* Thanksgiving of my life!"

AN ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

WE young farmers of the new generation like to wear a smart shiny hat up in London. Our billycocks and wide-awakes are good enough for field and market, but up in the big town we've a fancy to be genteel; and you may be sure I wanted to look nice that particular night—the last of the Cattle Show at Islington—when I was going up to Uncle Ilbery's in Dalston, for Cousin Kitty is, without exception, the most satirical young lady in London. How she did laugh at me that day I went with her to the Zoological Gardens, when I'd got a pair of gloves that were a size too small for me, and was all the way between the Angel and the Colosseum trying to force my fingers into them. She declared it was only my awkwardness that hindered their fitting, wouldn't let me stop to buy another pair, and, in short, teased my life out. And she looks so pretty all the time she's laughing at you that you can't be annoyed with her. No wonder, then, I wanted to look smart.

It was a darkish night, with a bit of a breeze blowing, as I picked my way through those quiet streets that lie between the Lower Road Islington and Dalston. I think they call that part De Beauvoir Town. Just as I came to the corner of a street, and was racking my brains for a repartee to Miss Kitty's first bit of satire, a strong puff of wind sprang up, whipped off my smart shiny hat as neat as need be, and dropped it into an area. This was certainly a nuisance, but not a nuisance without remedy. I rang at the area bell once, twice, thrice, and got no answer. I sounded the lion's-head knocker once, twice, thrice, and got no answer. Then I looked up at the windows, and saw, what I had not observed before, that there was a bill in one of them announcing "This House to be Let." It was too dark to read the name of the agent, and I was just going to knock next door, and ask them if they knew who kept the key; or, supposing they didn't know who kept the key, if they would oblige me with their Turk's-head broom to fish up my hat with—I was just going to do this, for I couldn't bear the notion of facing Kitty without a hat, let alone the price of it, seventeen and sixpence, when to my astonishment the door, as I happened to lean up against it, moved slightly inward. I suppose it hadn't been hasped at all; at any rate, I gave a gentle push, and walked boldly in. "This is a lucky piece of carelessness on somebody's part," thought I to myself. "I shall just step down to the kitchen, unfasten the back-door, regain my hat, and slip away without any body being the wiser." I closed the front-door, and groped my way down the kitchen stairs. It was pitch-dark, and I wished I had got some matches; but as I hadn't got any, wishing was no good, and, moveover, I saw a faint light glimmering under the kitchen-door, which showed that there must be a fire in the grate. I tried the kitchen-door; it was locked, and the key was gone! I felt about, and found the back-door leading to the area; it was locked, and the key was gone also! Here was a pretty go, as the Cockneys say. The back-door, as I ascertained by feeling the hinges, opened toward me, so it was of no use meddling with that; but I had a wonderful great mind to kick in the kitchen-door, which was made to open inward. Setting aside, however, the chance of being pulled up for burglary (and what a disgrace that would be to the Papworthys, who have rented the same farm since Charles II.'s time!), what should I do, after getting the door open? Why, I might unfasten the window (I had noticed when outside that it was shuttered up), climb out into the area, and recover my hat. But supposing a policeman should pass just as my body was half-way through—why, to a dead certainty, he would lock me up on suspicion. That would never do. I returned to the back-door, determined to pick the lock. "I dare say that's burglary as much as bursting it open," I said; "still it don't make so much noise. If I can only find an old nail or a bit of wire, I'll try it." So I crept up stairs again, and went into the back-parlor. I groped all round the room, passed my hand along the mantle-piece and the window-frame without finding so much as a pin's head. As I could get no help there, I ventured into the front-parlor. All of a sudden a thought struck me: why shouldn't I unfasten the shutters and drop into the area? That sounds easy enough; but how about getting back again? "It's a deep-sunk area," I said to myself, "and there you'll be caged, my boy, like a bear in his den." All the time I was thinking in this way I was feeling about the room for a house-breaking tool. Presently I stumbled over something; I put down my hand and picked up a shoe. "Putting this and the kitchen-fire together," thinks I, "there must be somebody taking care of the house." The next moment I stumbled again. This time I had run against a wooden stretcher or bedstead. I put out my hand cautiously, and laid it on—somebody's nose! The owner of the nose didn't stir, so I took the liberty of feeling the head, to learn whether I was in company with a lady or a gentleman. It was a man's head of hair, very rough and wiry, and bald on the poll.

"You're in an awkward predicament, Jack Papworthy," I said to myself; "and you'd better get out of it as soon as possible." I sneaked on tip-toe toward the door.

But my tumble against the bedstead had disturbed the sleeper; he began to grunt and turn about uneasily. I was just about to quit the room, and venture bareheaded into the street, when he sat up in bed (so I judged by the sound, for the room was as dark as a cellar), and called out, "Kitty!"

For a moment the name startled me; I forgot that there might possibly be more than one Kitty in that wilderness of a city. I stood by the door, held my breath, and made no answer.

"Kitty, Kitty, I say: you ain't come back without him, are you?" said the man in a beseeching sort of voice.

I stood perfectly still, holding my breath, and considering what I should do. Better slip out of the house, and take the chance of losing my hat, than get locked up on a charge of felony, and be made a laughing-stock before all the Cockneys in their newspapers. Besides, I needn't lose my hat; the first policeman I meet is sure to stop me as a suspicious character for being bareheaded, so I'll tell him my story, and give him half-a-crown to get my hat again. But, on the other hand, it's a ticklish job. This fellow in bed may be a desperate character. To say the least of it, he must be queer, most likely crazy, to sleep in an empty house without a stick of furniture about him. Never mind, I'll chance it; I'll make a move for the street-door.

All this cogitation of mine passed through my head like lightning, though I've taken so long to tell it. I made a half-hearted step toward the door. As soon as ever I did so, the man in bed called out in an excited voice: "That's a man's step! Why, Jack, it's you. Ah! I see how it is; you wanted to surprise me, but you haven't, my dear Jack. I've been awake and asleep, and asleep and awake; and the runaway knocks has been uncommon bad tonight (parents ought to be ashamed of themselves not to send their children to bed sooner, for I know it's boys that does it); but I've been dreaming about you all the time. It *is* you, Jack, ain't it?"

He said these last words in such a beseeching way that I couldn't help answering, though in a disguised voice, "It is."

"Then where's Kitty?"

"I hope to see her presently—as soon as I get my hat," I added, under my breath.

"Gone to the cook-shop to get something nice and hot in honor of you, Jack, eh?" said the man in bed. "I wonder what it 'll be. Maybe an ell-pie with baked taters—ah! or a plate of savory alamode beef—ah! or a nice dish of biled tripe and inions—a-a-h!" As he enumerated each of these dishes the man in bed smacked his lips with extraordinary relish.

To tell the truth, I was getting interested. The women-folk down at the farm always say I'm as curious as one of their own sex, and I wanted to know the meaning of all this. This man evidently mistook me for some friend of his own, of whom he was very fond and very proud.

"You seem to like good eating," I ventured to say.

"Why, Jack, my boy, it's one of the few pleasures I have left. Thank God, my appetite's always good. And when a man's lost the use of his limbs, and can't see out of his eyes, he makes the best he can of his stomach. I'd ask you to light a candle, Jack, but I'm half-ashamed for you to see what a battered hulk I've become. Twelve years ago, when you emigrated — you understand me, Jack" (he said this in a curious sly way)—"I was as handsome and well-growed a man as you'd wish to see, warn't I, Jack?"

"You were."

"And now I'm a useless cripple."

"How did it happen?"

"What! you never got Kitty's letter, directed Post-office, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land? No, I don't suppose you ever did, else you'd have said something about my accident when you wrote to tell us you were coming home. But hasn't Kitty told you coming along in the cab?"

"Not a word."

"Ah, poor soul! she didn't like to grieve you, Jack. Well, this is how it was. I was working at the graining-house at the powder-mills at Hounslow. The mill blew up (they mostly do about once in five year) and blew me along with it—blew me up a good-looking active chap, Jack, and dropped me down a miserable blind cripple." As he said these last words his voice failed him, and he shed tears.

"And how do you manage to live?"

"Well, Jack, the firm behaved very handsomely. They allow me ten shilings a week, and Kitty takes care of empty houses. We contrive to scratch along, Jack. But come, Jack, you've never offered your brother your hand yet. Let me shake your hand, Jack, even if you didn't care to light a candle."

I stepped forward and gave him my hand.

"Lawk, Jack, why, your hand's almost like a gentleman's hand! It ain't so soft as a dress-maker's or a haberdasher's, it's about equal to a master builder's."

"You seem to know all about hands," I observed.

"Ah!" he answered, with a sigh, "that comes of want of eyes. When I had my sight I took no note of such things, but now I've got a delicate touch; and as all sorts of folks, from parsons down to char-women, are kind enough to come and see me, and shake hands with me, why, in course I get a deal of practice. I wish Kitty would come back with that supper (I hope it's tripe); I'm getting that hungry I could eat a shilling's worth."

I began to feel alarmed. "I must try and recover my hat," I thought, "before Kitty comes in, or she will, of course, discover the deception."

"Are you afraid of thieves here?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Because I see you lock up your kitchen and back-door. Can you tell me where the back-door key hangs?"

"It don't hang nowhere," replied the cripple. "It's in my missis's pocket."

"And the kitchen-door key?"

"In her pocket. They're all in her pocket. Bless you, Jack, what with area sneaks and mischievous children the place would be stripped if we warn't to lock every thing up after dark."

Here was another disappointment. If I wanted to get my hat I must wait till Kitty returned and face her boldly. But how shall I account to her for— I was interrupted in my reflections by my companion, who said: "Come, Jack, strike a light, and take a look at your poor brother Bob. You'll find the matches in one of my shoes, and the candlestick is under the stretcher."

I lighted the candle, and saw a man of about forty years of age lying on a small stretcher bedstead in the middle of an empty room. His face had evidently been once comely, though now disfigured by scars. His eyes were closed, so, if there was any thing repulsive about their appearance I didn't see it.

"You are able to wear shoes then, Bob," I said.

"Ay, but you may notice they're made of cloth, and three sizes too big for me. I had a neat foot once, Jack, and I still wear a shoe when I can. I don't lie here like a mummy all day; I sit by the kitchen fire."

"How do you get up and down stairs?"

"Would you believe it, Jack?—she carries me. I dare say you thought her a rough one to look at, but she's just the woman to suit me. She's as strong in the back as a brewer's horse. If I'd had the pick of the county of Middlesex I couldn't have married a kinder-hearted woman. And she married me for love. It was arter the accident—you understand me, Jack. I was brought to the church in a Bath-cheer, Jack, like an Indian nabob; and all the street was at their winders to see me lifted out by the clerk and sexton. Some said she married me for the sake of my pension, but I know better, Jack. It was out of downright pity, and knowing the good-looking chap I once had been.—I wish she'd come in. She must ha' gone a desperate long way arter that tripe. My appetite's getting outrageous. Tell us about Van Diemen's Land, Jack, to pass the time away."

I hesitated, for I know very little more about Van Diemen's Land than I do about the moon.

"Ah! I see how it is, Jack," said the cripple; "you're ashamed, and no wonder. I like you the better for it. But you needn't to mind now. You've served out your seven year, and as I always said, you was young, and led away by Bill Hawkins. And Jack," he added, confidentially, "we've always kept up the notion in the family that it was Poaching. It sounds more respectable than—you know what; and I've maintained it was Poaching so long that I've got to believe it myself."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," I replied, gravely.

"But I say, Jack," pursued the cripple, "transportation can't be as bad as it's represented. It has softened your voice, made you talk better, and given you quite a touch of gentility. You was a roughish young blade when I bade you good-by at Millbank Penitentiary. D'ye recollect how Bill Hawkins jeered because I gave you mother's little clasp-Bible? Yet they've done away with transportation, I'm told. You was in one of the last batches."

Here was a pretty position for a respectable young farmer to occupy, whose family had always kept a good name for fair dealing and honest industry since Charles II.'s time. For the sake of recovering a seventeen-and-sixpenny hat, I was meanly pretending to be somebody else, and that somebody else a returned convict; but I couldn't bear to tell this poor helpless fellow that I had been playing a trick on him. He had set his heart on seeing his prodigal brother, and he would be so grieved if I undeceived him; so, having begun the adventure, I determined to carry it through. The difficulty was how to manage it successfully; in other words, how to get back my hat without an unpleasant squabble. The matter stood thus: Kitty might be expected to return at any moment, accompanied by her real brother-in-law; she would naturally denounce me as an impostor, and instead of recovering my hat, I should probably discover that her arm was as muscularly developed as her back, not to mention the help which the returned transport would be sure to give her. I determined to feel my way by degrees, and as, luckily, my entertainer was a simple-minded, talkative fellow, to learn from him exactly how the land lay.

"What name d'ye suppose I've gone under, Bob, since I've got my freedom?" I said.

"Not Sladden, Jack," answered the cripple, anxiously; "never Sladden, I should hope. Though you're a rich man now, and I'm a poor one, still recollect, Jack, the name of Sladden was an honest name till you went and tarnished it."

"No, Bob, I shouldn't dream of such a thing; I call myself Thompson."

"That's right," returned the cripple. "Your hand, Jack; and a brother I shall always be to you in brotherly feelings, though different in name. And I say, Jack, what did you tell Kitty? Because she don't know that you went out under government; she believes you was a bounty ticket. What did you say to her?"

"Bob, shall I tell you a little secret?"

"What is it?"

"I haven't seen Kitty yet."

"Not seen Kitty yet? Why, you came here with her."

"No, I didn't."

"How did you find your way in, then?"

"The door was ajar."

"I can't credit it. Kitty'd never leave the front door open."

"She did for once, though; I knocked and rang before I found it out."

"Ay, and I thought it was a runaway knock and ring. But where on earth is Kitty? Didn't you see her aboard the vessel?"

"No."

"Jack," he exclaimed, suddenly seizing my hand, "are you sure you are playing no trick on me? Remember, I'm a poor helpless creetur. Where is Kitty?"

"On my honor, I don't know."

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand to his ear—"hush! There's a footstep coming up to the door. It's hers; I know her foot among a hundred; and she's alone."

These last three words made me decide what course to adopt. As a heavy masculine-sounding foot came to the front door I overset the candlestick as if by accident.

"There," said I, "my awkwardness has left us in the dark."

"So much the better, Jack," replied the cripple. "She's missed you down at the ship; we'll give her an agreeable surprise."

Somebody opened the street-door with a latch-key and advanced into the passage. I confess I felt rather uncomfortable; but I stood still and said nothing. Presently a rather gruff female voice exclaimed: "Bob, Bob, are you asleep?"

"Asleep? Not a bit of it, my dear Kitty," replied the cripple cheerily, "but wide awake, and as hungry as a hunter."

"Strike a light, then—you know where the matches are," said the lady, who appeared to be untying her bonnet-strings. "A pretty dance, Bob," she went on to say, "you've led me for nothing. There was no such name as Sladden aboard the ship."

"He came over under the name of Thompson, Kitty."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've seen him."

"Where?"

"Here," said Mr. Sladden, as he struck a match and relighted the candle. "Brother Jack, at your service. Look at him, Kitty, and tell me what you think of him."

It was a trying moment. Mrs. Sladden was a tall, bony, hard-featured woman of five-and-forty. She took the candle out of her husband's hand and submitted me to a critical examination.

"Well, Kitty, what d'ye think of him?" repeated the cripple with a pleased smile upon his face.

"Why, Bob," answered Mrs. Sladden, "you always told me your brother Jack was such a rough fellow; I think he looks quite the gentleman. Welcome to Old England, Mr. Jack," she said, extending her hand: "ours is but a poor place, but such as it is you're welcome to it."

I felt like a miserable humbug as my supposed sister-in-law put her hard honest hand into mine: but what could I do? I had trodden the downward path of deception; I was bound to follow it to the end. So after the lapse of some minutes, which were spent in general conversation, I said: "Can I speak to you alone for a few moments, Mrs. Sladden?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the poor unsuspecting woman, treating me with immense respect. "Step down stairs to the kitchen, please; 'tis the only comfortable room in the house. And so my poor husband made shift to get up and let you in, did he?"

"Here I am, at any rate, Mrs. Sladden," said I, with a smile as she unlocked the kitchen-door.

"And what was it you might be wishing to say to me, Mr. Jack?" she asked.

"I just want you to unfasten the back-door leading to the area. The fact is, that my hat blew off as I was coming round the corner of the street, and has fallen down there."

"Oh, is that all, Sir?" said Mrs. Sladden, laughing, as she felt in her pocket for the key.

"What a shame it is of me to deceive such an amiable couple," thought I; "still I must recover my hat."

My reputed sister-in-law was in the act of inserting the key into the key-hole when the sound of wheels was heard outside, followed by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the street-door.

"Bless me, who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Sladden, as she rushed up stairs with the unused key in her hand. I followed her with trembling steps: *I knew whose arrival that knock betokened.* She opened the door to a many-caped cabman, whose vehicle stood at the edge of the pavement.

"That's right," shouted a loud, jovial voice from the cab window. "Give a haristocratic ran-tan, cabby; I'm a gentleman now, every inch of me."

"Name of Sladden?" said the cabman, addressing my late sister-in-law. I waited to hear no more, but, bareheaded as I was, darted down the steps into the street. A nut-brown face, ornamented with a great shaggy yellow beard, was thrust from the cab window, and a jolly voice exclaimed, "Hollo! Brother Bob!"

I made no answer, but ran away as fast as my legs could carry me. When I had placed a good half-mile between myself and Mr. Sladden's abode I fell into a walk, and tied my handkerchief over my head. I luckily escaped the notice of the police; and as soon as I reached a cab-stand got into a two-wheeler and drove to my hotel. I did not venture to visit the Ilberys that night; and as for inquiring after my seventeen-and-sixpenny hat, I didn't go again within a mile of De Beauvoir Town; but for aught I know it may be lying in that area still.

THE SONG OF THE DRUM.

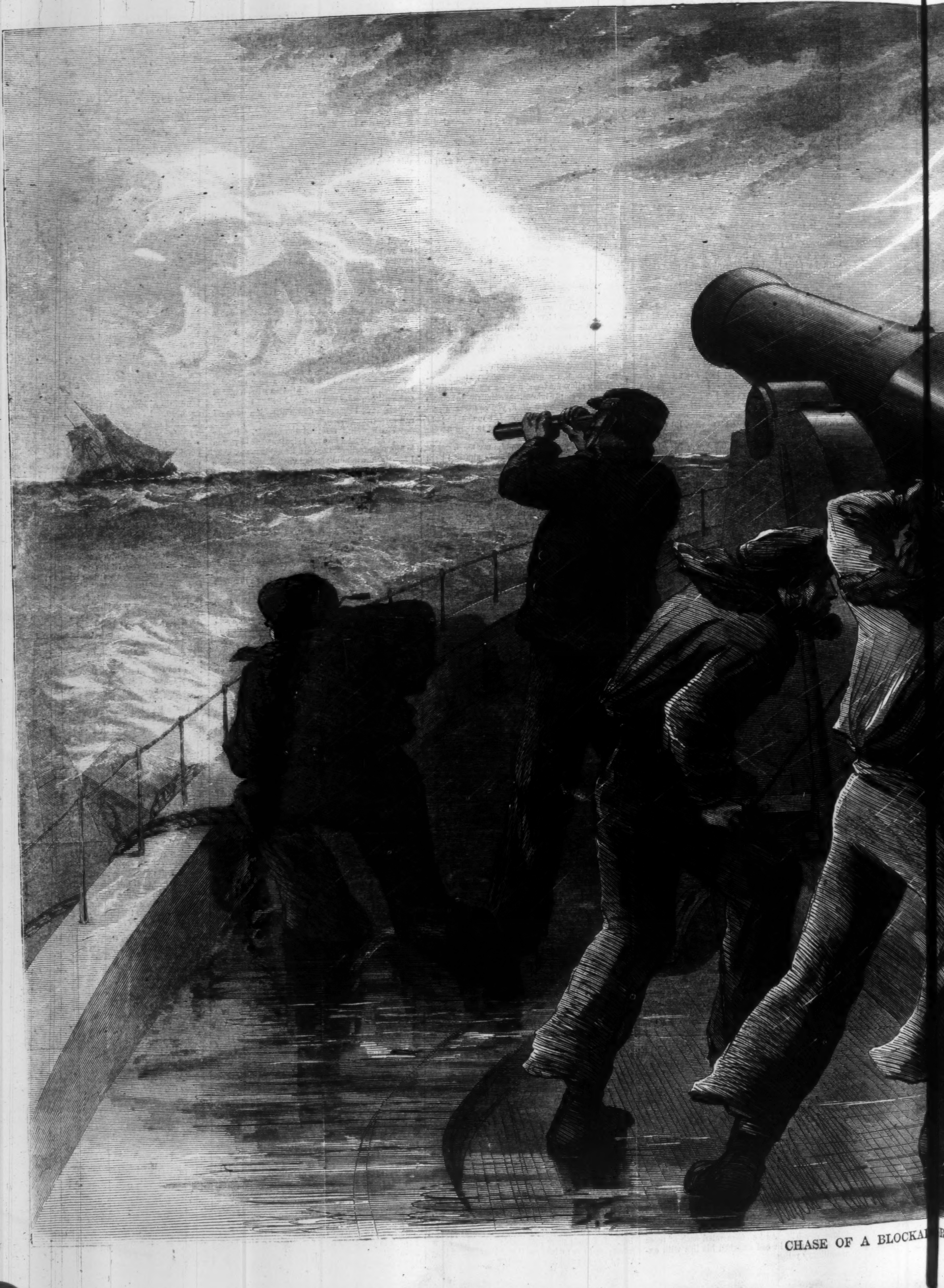
RATAPLAN! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me! follow me! every true man!
Hark to the sound of the rolling drum.
Come with me! come with me! come with me, come
Follow me! follow me! follow me, now!
Come from the anvil, come from the plow;
Don't think of the danger which threatens your lives;
Leave home, leave friends, leave your children, your wives
Hark to the sound of the rolling drum,
Come with me! come with me! come with me, come!
Follow me! follow me! every one!
To where the white camps shine in the sun!

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me! follow me! every true man!
From the crowded streets of the city come,
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
From fields where the blithe birds chirp and sing,
From woods where your sturdy axes ring;
Leave the plow in the furrow to stand,
Grasp the musket firm in your hand,
There's a grander place in the world for you,
And nobler work for your hands to do.

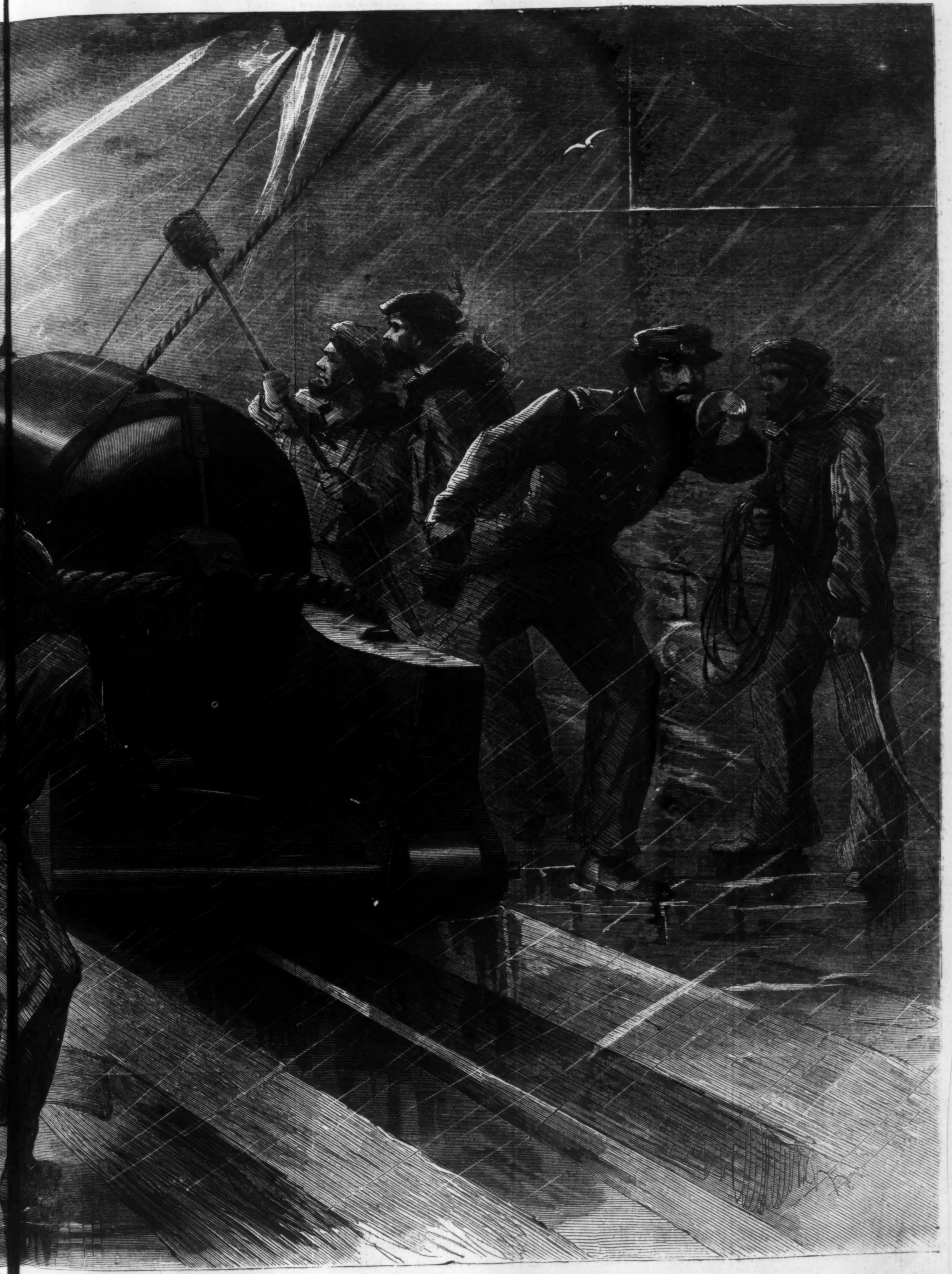
Come with me! come with me! come with me, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
Come with me where the camps shine white,
Hark to my shrill tatoo at night,
To my loud *reveille* when morning breaks,
And the golden eye of the dawn awakes;
Come with me out to the trenches then,
Where are gathered scores of your fellow-men
Beginning to dig with pick and with spade,
This is the way intrenchments are made;
There's a puff of smoke, and now comes a shell,
See yonder, there, where its fragments fell;
Nobody hurt; and above on the hill
Our batteries, until this moment still,
Now blaze away with a deafening noise,
And a shout goes up from our gallant boys;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
This is the life for every true man.

Come with me now to the picket, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
That's a sharpshooter's rifle we hear,
And that was the bullet which sang so near;
There's another rifle, that shrill, sharp sound,
And yonder's a wounded man on the ground,
With the blood flowing out in a crimson tide
From a gaping hole in his quivering side;
Don't sicken and pale at the sights you see,
For this is where only men should be.

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, every true man!
Come with me over the battle-field, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
Through the smoke and heat and the storm of lead,
Adown this gully piled deep with dead,
And along the edge of this shattered wood
Where the trees are splintered and dashed with blood,
Then on through this trampled field of corn
Where the once broad leaves into shreds are torn,
Into the shadow of this ravine
Where the dead and wounded are every where seen;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, every true man!
Follow me on through the fiery breath
Of the vengeful cannon, scattering death;
On through the battle's smoke and glare,
Follow me, follow me every where!
And hear the cries and the awful groans,
The piercing shrieks and the feeble moans,
And the ringing shout which goes up to the sun
When a work is stormed, and a victory won;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
This is the death for every true man!



CHASE OF A BLOCKA



RUNNER.—[See Page 758.]

JOE BOYNTON'S COUSIN.

"I'VE a letter from Aunt Jane's girl, Joseph," Miss Livy Boynton said to her brother as he sat down to the supper-table after a hard day's work mowing.

Miss Livy was tall, spare, black-eyed, and thirty-five at least. Joseph was about six feet two in height—a great, strong, well-made fellow, erect as a young pine, and carrying his head, as I have never seen any class of men but the real Western lords of the soil—up, and a little backward, as though they were searching the distance for still other regions to furrow with their bold plows.

Joseph shot an asking glance at his sister, whose pursed-up lips were indicative of something beyond the letter.

"She's coming to spend the summer with us."

"What?"

"Aunt Jane's girl's coming to spend the summer with us. She'll be here about harvest-time, I reckon—just in time to save me hiring a girl to help me through."

Miss Livy smiled with sarcastic grimness. Joseph looked disturbed.

"I wonder what sends her away out here."

Aunt Jane's girl lived in New York—was a fully-fledged young lady, something of a belle it was presumable, and it did seem a curious freak, to say the least, that she should deliberately quit those civilized haunts for the Illinois wilds. But when Joseph came to read the letter he was touched at an underlying sadness that seemed somehow in it, and one sentence in particular moved him. "You know I've never seen any of mamma's relatives, my dear, dead mamma." The more that it reminded him how close had been the attachment between his parents and Aunt Jane—as close as though there had been a tie of blood between them—and there was not, she having been only a step-sister to his father.

He laid the rose-tinted sheet down gingerly, as though fearful that his great strong fingers would soil it, and glanced with almost ludicrous ruefulness from it to the plain but white-walled room, with its bare but well-scoured boards; and then he walked into the "front room," as Miss Livy called the best room of the farm-house. Joe looked thoughtfully at the square of rag carpet, the six wooden chairs ranged with mathematical precision about, the wooden clock on the mantle-piece, the four colored prints on the four walls, at regular distances from each other, and wondered what the New York belle would say to them all. I'm afraid he ended by heartily wishing she would stay at home.

But she didn't. She came, just as Livy said she would, in the midst of harvesting, and in the very midst of the fret and worry of putting dinner on the table for twenty "hands."

"Do, for mercy's sake, go in and tell her to take off her bonnet and shawl!" snapped Miss Livy, as she brushed by Joseph, groaning under the weight of an immense pudding, from which the raisins were bursting lusciously.

Joseph, who was crowding his six feet two as far as possible into a corner of the little kitchen, turned very red, and would a great deal rather have gone back to the harvest-field without his dinner than to have faced this New York cousin, "and in this rig too," glancing at his coarse boots and his blue cotton blouse, open at the throat for coolness. But it had to be done. So buttoning the collar of his blouse, and giving his curly hair a defiant backward toss, he went in, with his quick, glancing, hazel eyes in a restless glitter of excitement at the momentousness of the occasion.

The front door was open, and in it stood a very little lady in a gray dress and cloak, and with something on her head that looked like a cross between Joe's Sunday stove-pipe and his everyday Panama. It was "mighty pretty though," Joe found time to observe inwardly in spite of his embarrassment; and the softest of gold bright curls floated back and mingled with the flutter of the drooped black plume.

She turned quickly at the sound of Joe's heavy step, and lifting a pair of eager blue eyes and extending two eager little hands, exclaimed, in a voice of mingled laughter, tears, and trembling,

"Is this Cousin Joe?"

Awkwardly enough Joe let both the little hands flutter like snow-birds into his; but he laughed a short, mellow, pleased laugh, saying cordially,

"I reckon this is Cousin Joe!"

Her pretty face drooped an instant with a half sob, and then, laughing—though her lips quivered yet—she said,

"It's too bad to cry when I'm so glad, isn't it?"

Joe tried his best to do the honors in orthodox fashion; but though he was pleased and disappointed by the frank gladness and unconstraint of Estelle (that was her pretty name), he felt, as more polished gentlemen than he have, quite too *conscious* of the presence of this most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and found it very difficult to dispose of his feet and hands satisfactorily.

Estelle, meanwhile, was thinking, "How handsome he is, but how bashful!" But she chatted on, betraying no consciousness when the "men" crowded into the room to the dinner which had been set for them in there, unless to droop her hat a little more over her face. She had so many things to tell—messages from her father, funny little episodes of the journey, etc.

Miss Livy came presently and ordered Joe off to his dinner, with the half-apologetic half-congratulatory aside to Estelle, "We'll have ours when the men are gone!"

Estelle thought it rather queer that no dinner was offered her until the men had gone; and she thought it queerer yet when Eliza, Miss Livy's "hired girl," was summoned in from the kitchen to eat with her and Miss Livy, and formally introduced as Miss Hopkins. She would have liked to have had Joe stay in and entertain her; and when he came from the field at night she fluttered out to meet him, clad in some blue gauzy fabric that floated about her like a cloud, and put poor Joe—whose face was grimed with sweat and dust—quite to the blush. She was quick-witted though, and fluttered smilingly away again till he had undergone some sort of a renovating process, and joined her looking so handsome and full of stalwart grace, in spite of his coarse dress and his bashfulness, that she could not help saying to herself:

"If he were only dressed decently, and I could promenade Broadway with him, wouldn't he create a sensation?"

She and Joe got on amazingly well, though Miss Livy looked rather coldly on. Joe could talk as well as some other gentlemen Estelle knew, perhaps better, and upon topics which made the little belle wonder how Cousin Joe came to know so much. He had got over his bashfulness, and the summer was passing on wings; for busy as the farm kept him, he found a good many spare hours for Estelle. When some gentleman who had known Estelle at home called on her at the farm, and spent an entire evening with her, Joe had made some excuse for absenting himself, but he was lurking in the locust grove all the time, watching Mr. Lesbrook and Estelle as they chatted in the door-way, with something the feeling a sunflower might be supposed to have in watching two magnolia blossoms.

The following evening Joe made some excuse not to come into the house until it was too late to see Estelle. The next night it was the same way, and Sunday too, and so on, till Estelle quite pouted, and wondered what *did* ail Cousin Joe. She had a habit of teasing him about his many Westernisms, and hitherto he had only laughed; but now he winced, almost grew angry, and—dropped them carefully out of his vernacular.

Miss Livy, who had perhaps been secretly jealous of Estelle's and Joe's evident preference of each other's society to hers, became suddenly very fond of her dainty little cousin, and scolded Joe in unmeasured terms for not devoting more of his time to her. She had a lurking suspicion that the wonderful "business" that took Joe away so constantly concerned some of the farmers' daughters about, and it made her very finger-ends tingle to think of "having to come under Joe's wife."

Poor Joe! To him this exquisite little Estelle was such a revelation as he had never dreamed of. Because he felt awkward in the presence of her daintiness he imagined he was so, and he grew more and more chilly and constrained, while angry with himself because he could not be otherwise; and then when he beheld the legitimate reflection of his strange manner in Estelle he was angr[illegible] her, and, having succeeded in getting upon [illegible] mettle, carried matters with an altogether high hand. That independent Western head of his quite amazed Estelle with the haughtiness of its carriage.

She talked sometimes of going home, but week after week passed and still she staid; not quite so cheerful always, poor child, for she had a trouble of her own that was yet not quite palpable enough to be told to Cousin Livy. Papa wrote so briefly and so seldom, and he did not respond to her talk about coming home, and—of course it was merely accidental—but something must ail papa. If he would only tell her she might come home she would know very soon what it all meant.

In the first weeks after Estelle's coming she and Joe had often ridden out on horseback in the evenings. But this had not been in a long time now, when, by some chance, Joe being unusually genial, she asked him to ride with her. Just as they were starting a neighbor, who had just come from the nearest post-office, brought Estelle a letter, and she stopped to read it by the sunset glow. Something took Joe away meanwhile, and when he returned the letter had disappeared; but Estelle looked pale and preoccupied, and continued so during the ride.

It was late in the fall, the evening a magnificently beautiful one, brightened by a moon and the hazy light of the various fires which at this season kindle one after another on the prairies, and sweep its length with a sharper edge than ever scythe had.

Their destination was a husking party, which Estelle was very curious to attend; but since the receipt of that letter, though sportive as a kitten before, she was quiet and subdued, and rode palely, almost voiceless, beside her cousin. Joe looked like a prince on horseback, and felt more at home there than any where else. Unconsciously he had been anticipating wonderful things this evening, and was all the more unprepared for this strange unsociability on the part of Estelle. The end of it was, that when all his efforts, put forth to such an unusual degree, failed to elicit any but a monosyllabic response from Estelle, he grew moodily silent himself, not to say sulky.

"She's got a letter from that city lover of hers," he muttered, inwardly, "and of course I'm nowhere."

Estelle was too preoccupied, however, to even notice his moodiness, and when they arrived at the husking frolic carried herself still very strangely, standing apart and watching the gay groups with eyes that, to Joe's jaundiced judgment, were only supercilious and scornful. She refused to participate, and, when Joe rather urged her, begged him, almost fretfully, to let her alone. Haughtily enough he obeyed her, joining the laughing huskers and laughing louder than any, but occasionally stealing a look half angry, half inquiring at Estelle, who, standing with her sweet face in shadow, seemed to him just then what he named her in his thought—a cold, proud, heartless girl, who was venting her caprices on him as she would not think of doing upon her city lover. Suddenly she came and begged to speak with him a moment. He nodded carelessly, but continued his chat with the young red-cheeked coquette beside him, while Estelle waited some time, and then with a face whose mute agony almost penetrated his jealous perverseness, she spoke to him again. But in his willfully blind, distorted frame of mind he gave this appeal as little heed as the other. When he looked up again Estelle was nowhere to be seen. Thinking, with a stifled pang of self-reproach, how white her face had looked, he resolved to go to her at once. There was some unavoidable delay—a word from one, a laugh with another—for Joe was a great favorite, and several minutes more were gone before he discovered that Estelle was not to be found.

Remembering suddenly one or two occasions on which she had met such moods of his as this, with a curious promptitude of action he sprung to where he had left the horses. Estelle's was gone!

The mad, rash girl, to attempt to cross alone the trackless prairie that lay between there and home.

Throwing himself into his saddle, Joe rode desperately away in pursuit of her, scouring the prairie in long circuits all the way till he reached his own door, and learned that Estelle had not been there, and then away again on his reeking steed, half mad with perplexity, self-reproach, and foreboding; while Miss Livy, who was no novice in riding, mounted another horse, and followed him with inconceivable celerity.

Estelle, with all her rash daring, was timid, Joe knew. Without doubt she had mistaken the road, and it was not impossible that she might wander all night. What if she got hemmed in among some of those fires that were creeping, creeping like gilded serpents over the plain? The poor child would go wild with terror. What a brute he had been not to answer her when she spoke to him!

Involuntarily he turned his horse's head in the direction of first one blaze and then another, piercing them with his keen, quick eyes, and sickening at the smell of burning that was on the air.

At that time the prairies being so much traveled and so much diminished in extent by the inroads of the immense farms plucked from its luxuriance, and for other reasons, a burning prairie was not the terrible raging destroyer of earlier years, but it was not a pleasant thing to encounter; and though the flames crept lower because of the shortness of the grass, this very grass had a consistency and toughness which gave intensity to the blaze, and made an attempt to cross any extent of it far from safe.

Nothing was more probable than that Estelle, attempting to guide her course by these fires, which she had passed on her way from home, had not made due allowance for the distance they must have traveled since then, and so got herself entangled among their treacherous fastnesses. An easy matter, where the farms notch and indent and straggle over the prairie, dividing it in a very delusive manner.

It was as Joseph Boynton feared. He came in view of Estelle afar off, when the blaze with which she was encompassed on three fiery sides showed her to him at such a distance that it seemed to him he should never, never reach her. She appeared fascinated by terror, riding frantically first in one direction, then in another, never far in any, and finally standing still as though paralyzed.

She was so overcome with fright that she did not see her cousin till he swept beside her, and linking her terrified steed to his, whirled away again.

Glancing at her, he saw that it was with difficulty she kept her place in the saddle. She reeled dizzily, she was almost fainting. He knew that his already jaded horse would not carry two, and her own had been hardly ridden. Seizing her by the arm, he shook her almost roughly to rouse her. She tried to look at him, but the slight form drooped, swayed. He had to support her, and that circle of flame was closing upon them.

It was already too late to escape by the gap at which he had entered—the blaze had leaped it. There was no way now but to choose the most available point, where the belt of fire was narrowest, and dash through. Even that could not be done with any hope of safety unless Estelle could be roused.

Feigning anger, he suddenly shouted in the ear of the fainting girl: "Cruel and heartless Estelle, are you selfish and cowardly also?"

Starting as though he had struck her, looking at him in an appalled kind of way, she caught at the reins with her little hands, straightened herself, and when they made the dash, he still guiding her horse, though there was a momentary recoil, she kept her seat firmly.

It lasted perhaps three minutes, that gallop, the horses taking long, half-maddened leaps over the blazing surface, the smoke and heat stifling horse and rider, but neither stumbled nor faltered, and they stood presently safe in a recently plowed field, safe save some slight scorching of the horses' flanks and fetlocks.

The danger was past, and after a brief rest, in which neither said much, they rode swiftly as their overtasked steeds could toward home.

The heart of each was full. Words came almost to their lips, but neither spoke save in briefest fashion, till they paused at the door of the farm-house. Then, as Joe lifted her from the saddle, Estelle said, with grave, deep earnestness:

"I have a great deal to be grateful to you for, Cousin Joe. I don't think I'm cruel or heartless, but I don't know how to thank you in words for the life you have saved to-night."

"Don't, then," he said, lightly; but his voice shook. "And I don't think you cruel or heartless, Estelle; I only spoke so to you to rouse you and keep you from fainting."

He turned away with the horses, and Estelle went in alone.

Miss Livy had not yet returned, and Estelle drooped to a seat. She felt weak and sick, but she was far enough from fainting now. Mental pain was stinging all her senses to life. With that letter in her trembling hands she moaned softly to herself.

Suddenly her Cousin Joe bent over her chair, his features working.

"In the name of all that is merciful, Estelle, tell me what is the matter."

She looked up, frightened.

"I want a friend so, O Joe; I want somebody to be kind to me, and tell me what I ought to do."

He grew pale.

"I am your friend, dear. God forgive me if I have done any thing to make you think I am not."

She looked at him pitifully, and gave him the letter.

"Must I read it?"

"Yes."

The letter was from her father. The wealthy and prosperous merchant had failed; and this was to tell Estelle that by the time it reached her he should be upon the ocean, seeking other lands. He wrote kindly, but with some bitterness, and concluded by entreating the kindness of Joe and his sister for Estelle till he came back. He was still in the prime of life, and might redeem the past yet. Joe gave her back the letter, and took the two little hands closely in his. He was trembling.

"Estelle," he said, "I've no business to say this now, when you're in so much trouble, but I can't help it somehow. I know I'm a great blundering, awkward fellow; but I love you, and if you'll try to love me you may make me all over again to suit yourself."

Estelle was crying; but she lifted her face, smiling faintly through her tears, and looking at him slyly between the crystal drops.

"I—I don't think you're—you're, I mean, I wouldn't have you any different from what you are, Joe, if I could, and—and—I—I—"

"You don't love me, Estelle?"

"I—I think I *do*, Joe."

QUITE ALONE.

THIS serial story is unavoidably postponed till this day week.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—At a dinner-party in the country the other day a great sensation was caused by a gentleman dividing two ladies.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

FRENCHMAN. "Are dese de vaults of de church?"

WINE PORTER. "Yes, Sir."

FRENCHMAN. "And is der any body in dat cask?"

WINE PORTER. "Yes, Sir; and to make a old joke, a wery good body, too."

Frenchman makes a note of the peculiar method of burial in England.

A paragraph in a Scotch paper says that a certain Captain Nicholson, while shooting at Brotherton, had the extraordinary good fortune to kill a snipe flying and a hare running with one shot. Two birds with one stone is a joke to this! Was the hare running in the air or the bird flying on the ground, we should like to know?

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

$100,000 CHALLENGE.—NIGGER SAMBO, the celebrated singer of "*Who's dat a looking at yar, Dinah?*" and connected with the far-famed troupe of Ebony Jinglers, hereby challenges Messrs. Home, Forster, or the Brothers Davenport, *to go through the air above on a banjo*, as well as himself.

SPIRITS BELOW PROOF.—Dr. Newman somewhere says that the devil has often been put to ridiculous flight by the sign of the Cross. No doubt he has, as often as he has appeared. It is a remarkable fact that the "sperrits" which actuate Mediums can never stand any conclusive test, and ever also avoid the *experimentum crucis.*

Epitaph on a letter-carrier—*Post obit.*

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.—As a profound secret we beg to mention to our readers that it is stated in a Welsh paper that "the inhabitants of Llanbedrgoch and the contiguous parish of Llanfairmatharfarneithaf"—but we are sure our readers will repeat it (if they can), so we pause.

The real winner of the Cesarewitch—Princess Dagmar.

The exact worth of Spiritualism—Not a rap.

The Rev. Mr. Barham, author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends," used to tell a story of the complete discomfiture of a wit of no inferior order by a message, politely delivered at a supper-party by a little girl, "If you please, Mr. Jones, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would *begin to be funny.*"

Sporting Prophecy—That a dark horse named *Burglar* will, one of these days, win two Darbies.

Can cock-crowing be called (h)en-chanting?

NOT AT HOME.—"Is your father at home?" inquired a man of the little girl who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" she asked. "Some people call me so," replied he. "Then he is not at home; for I heard him tell John if any bill came to say he was not at home."

Retreat for Decayed Spiritualists—The *Home* for Idiots.

Definition of "Attic Salt"—A Greek Sailor.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET.—Monday Evening.—In the absence of heavy maternal embarrassments there has been a much better feeling in connection with the Marriage Market, bachelors having risen from the extreme point of depression consequent on inquiries being made as to state of bankers' accounts. Tempted by the partial return of confidence and the low level of flirtations, offers have advanced, and matrimonial speculators have proceeded to close engagements. The flow of talk into the Bank of Tattle proceeds steadily, and is likely to continue for some time. A good business was transacted in Foreign Counts and Native Colonels. Captains are looking up, and Cornets are depressed. Government Clerks surprisingly active, particularly at lunch. Spinsters shy. Widows advancing. Mammas declining. Both Blondes and Brunettes looking up. Piccadilly Weepers in high favor. Good horsewomen mounting; and ladies of literary turn of mind nowhere.

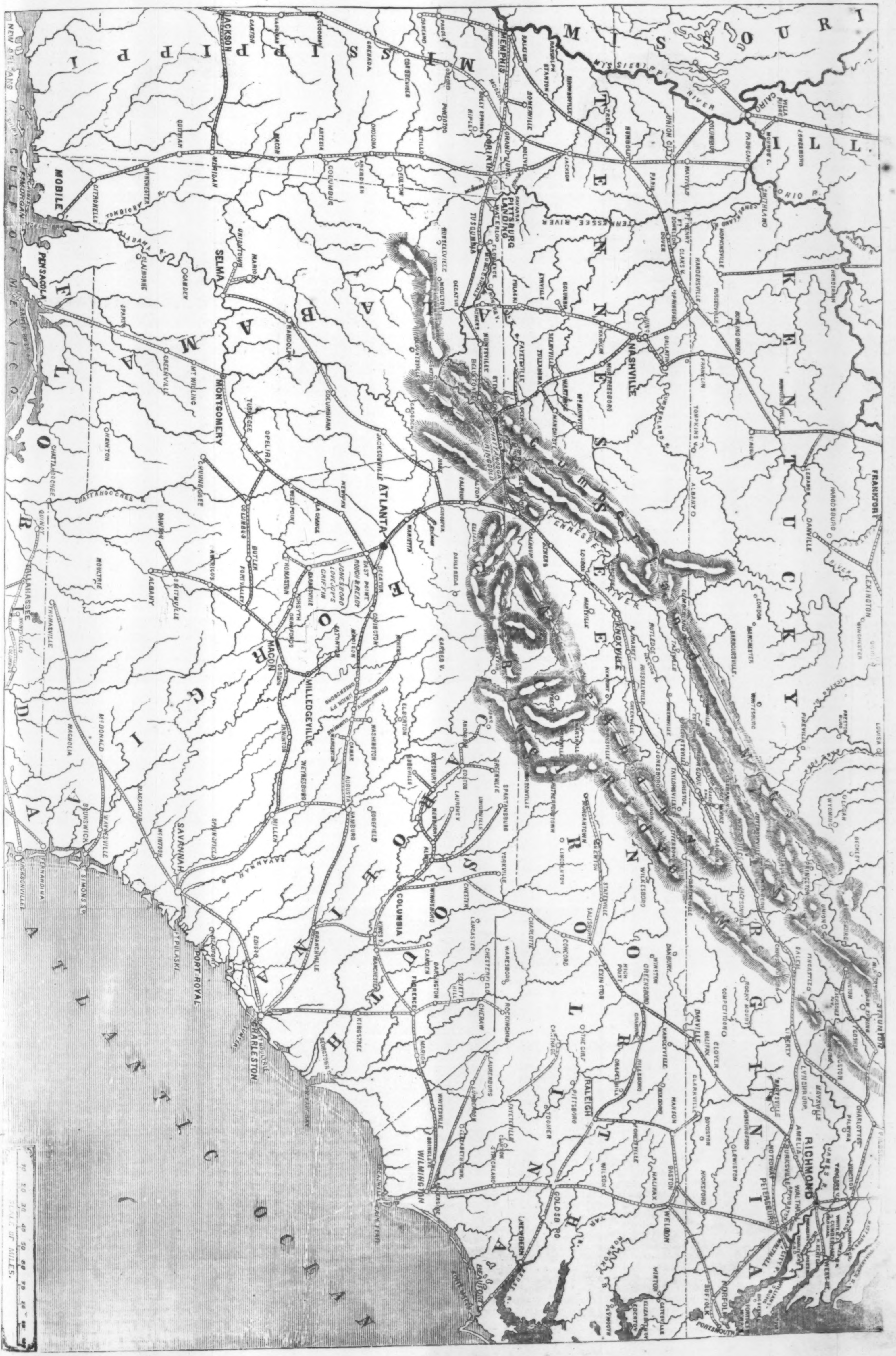
A celebrated Dublin divine was engaged one evening in a disquisition on the difference between Irish and Scotch Celts, and suddenly asked, "What is the difference between an Irishman and a Scotchman on the top of a mountain in frosty weather?"—"One is cowld with the kilt, and the other is kilt with the cowld."

AN UNINTENTIONAL PUN.—Among the lots catalogued at a sale of English books which lately took place in Calcutta, were the following: "Mill on Jurisprudence," "Ditto on the Floss!" The intelligent auctioneer had coupled "Mill on Jurisprudence" with Miss Evans's well-known novel "The Mill on the Floss!"

"Talkin' of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what the mortal Cato, who lib most a thousand years ago, once said—the law is like a groun' glass winder, that gives light enuff to light us poor mortals in de dark passage of life; but it would puzzle de old gentleman himself to see troo it."

People have little gratitude to those who speak the strict truth of them. The bald wife of Seleucus gave six hundred pounds to a poet who extolled the beauty and profusion of her hair.

In a hotel at Chicago a man named Drum is the barkeeper. His friends call him the "spirit-stirring drum."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NEW ORLEANS
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JACKSON
MEMPHIS
CORINTH
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CAIRO
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NASHVILLE
FRANKFORT
LEXINGTON
SELMA
MONTGOMERY
ATLANTA
MACON
MILLEDGEVILLE
SAVANNAH
PORT ROYAL
CHARLESTON
COLUMBIA
KNOXVILLE
RALEIGH
WILMINGTON
GOLDSBORO
WELDON
PETERSBURG
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PORTSMOUTH
TALLAHASSEE
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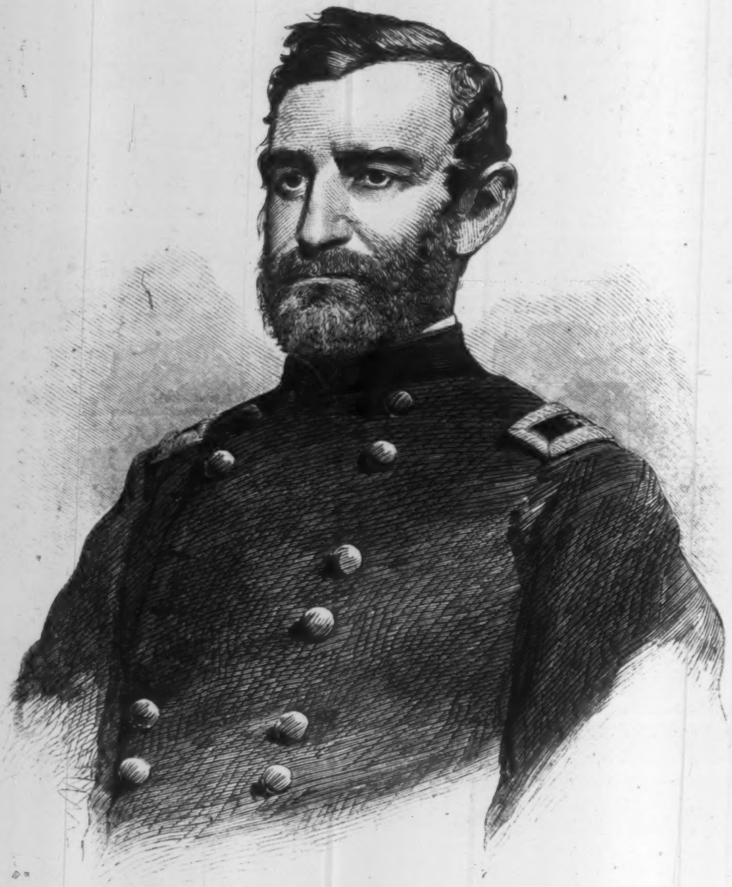
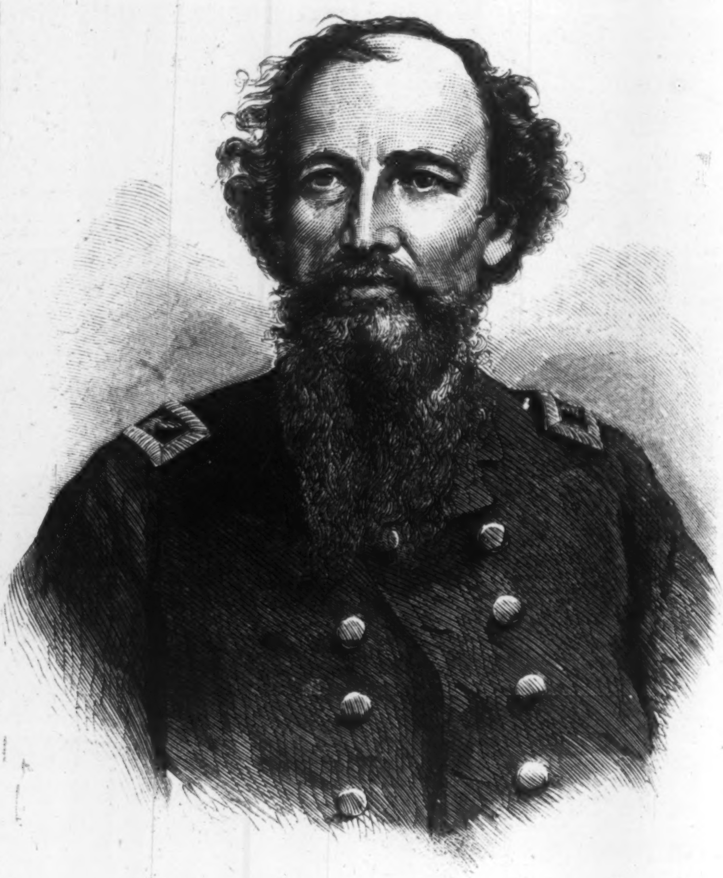
SCALE OF MILES.

MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF OPERATIONS UNDER GRANT, SHERMAN, AND FARRAGUT.



MAJOR-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



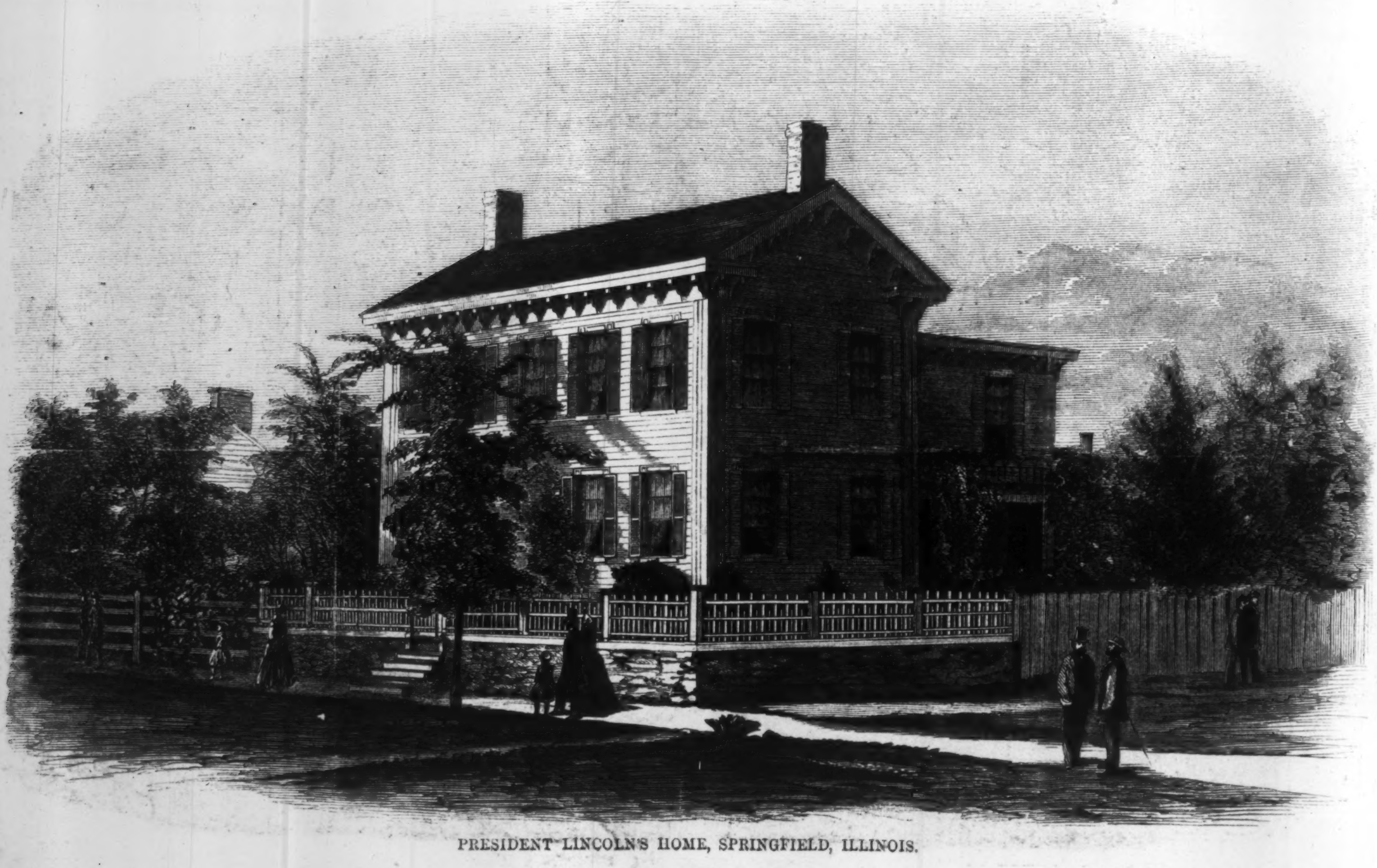
W. W. WOOD, CHIEF ENGINEER UNITED STATES NAVY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MAJOR-GENERAL MOTT.

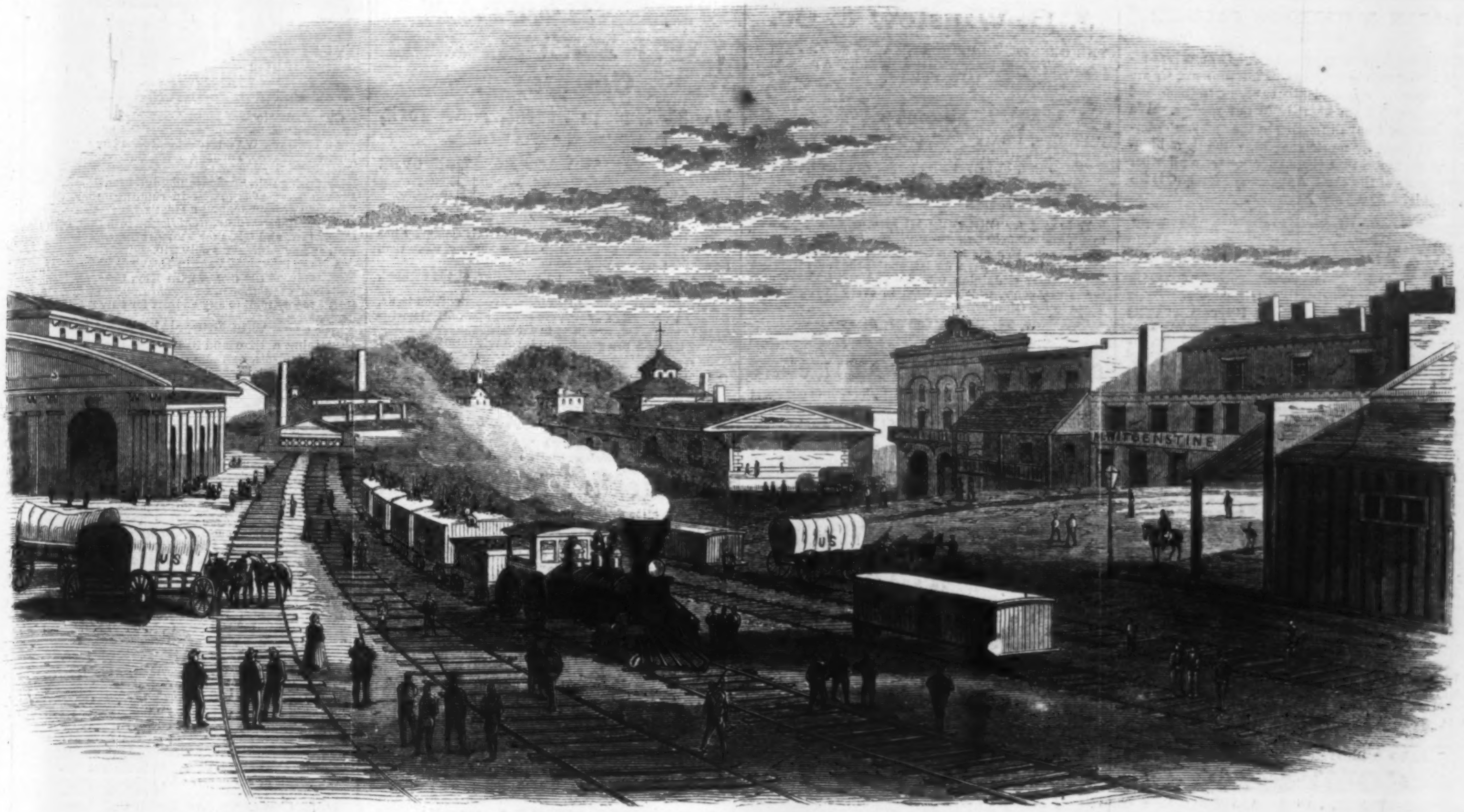
MAJOR-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT is a native of New Jersey, from which State he brought a full brigade to the Army of the Potomac. This brigade belonged to the First Division of the old Third Corps. Almost from the first organization of the Army of the Potomac he has been identified with its history. He has participated in all the great battles of Virginia. He was wounded in the second battle of Bull Run, and was afterward promoted from the rank of Senior Colonel commanding the New Jersey Brigade to that of Brigadier-General. At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he took a prominent part in the operations of SICKLES's Division, and at the latter he was wounded for the second time. At Gettysburg he was mentioned, as on former occasions, for his gallant services in that battle. In the late campaign from the Rappahannock to the James he has commanded a division of the Second Corps—the same which was formerly commanded by Generals HOOKER and SICKLES in the Third Corps. This division now includes all that is left of the old Third Corps, HOOKER's "Old Guard." This is a veteran division which has served during the war, being now reduced to a small number. It was this division which was attacked and partially flanked in the late advance to the left.

CHIEF-ENGINEER W. W. WOOD.

CHIEF-ENGINEER W. W. WOOD, United States Navy, whose portrait we publish on this page, is at present attached to the staff of Rear-Admiral GREGORY, as general superintendent of iron-clad steamers and other vessels being constructed for the Navy Department. He was born in Wake County, North Carolina, in the year 1818. Upon the death of his parents, which occurred when he was very young, he was sent to the North to be educated. After passing through college his great taste and natural inclination for mechanics and engineering induced him to connect himself with the Messrs. KEMBLE, of the West Point Foundry, in this city, at the time the largest and most eminent works of the kind in the country. At this establishment he remained for several years, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of engineering; and after an extensive experience, on the reorganization of the Naval Engineer Corps, under the administration of the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, in March, 1845, he entered the naval service, in which he has been actively engaged during a period of nearly twenty years. In regard to his past history, the Navy Register for 1864 records him as having been at sea for nearly eight years, and on shore-duty in naval dock-yards and on other special service eight and a half years. He is at present the senior Chief Engineer in the navy, and was selected by Secretary WELLES to fill the responsible position of General Inspector of Steam Machinery, etc.; in which duty is included the construction of our iron-clad fleet, and the machinery for the new class of vessels which are at present being constructed. The new and destructive shell and its arrangement, recently used with such tremendous effect by the gallant Lieutenant CUSHING in the destruction of the rebel ram *Albemarle*, in the Roanoke River, was designed by him, as also the iron-clad torpedo vessel *Stromboli*, nearly completed, a powerful engine of destruction in naval warfare.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOME, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



VIEW IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[Sketched by D. R. Brown.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

To multiply a lady's requirements appears to be the predominant idea of all the purveyors of fashion in female dress; and, as though one robe were not sufficient, the modistes have now introduced a description of double dress, which makes the wearer appear to indulge in two at a time—thus increasing the outlay, as, of course, the material for both must be good; otherwise they would not be in unison. One of our illustrations depicts this new style, which we leave to the appreciation of our fair readers.

Bonnets, in the proper acceptation of the term, are still getting smaller by degrees and beautifully less, dwindling gradually away till they have almost the appearance of small caps, richly ornamented with lace, flowers, and birds, the owlet often playing a conspicuous part in the composition of the actual Parisian chapeau. It appears, after all, that the small-sized-bonnet is definitively adopted for the approaching winter, during which also the short paletot (mostly in light cloth) will be generally worn for ordinary toilet; but, for full dress, the ruched camail, the burnous, and the eternal châle de cachemire. For indoor wear red cloth or cashmere vests are very fashionable, and are very becoming to either dark or fair complexions, an advantage which is peculiar to this color, now more popular than ever.

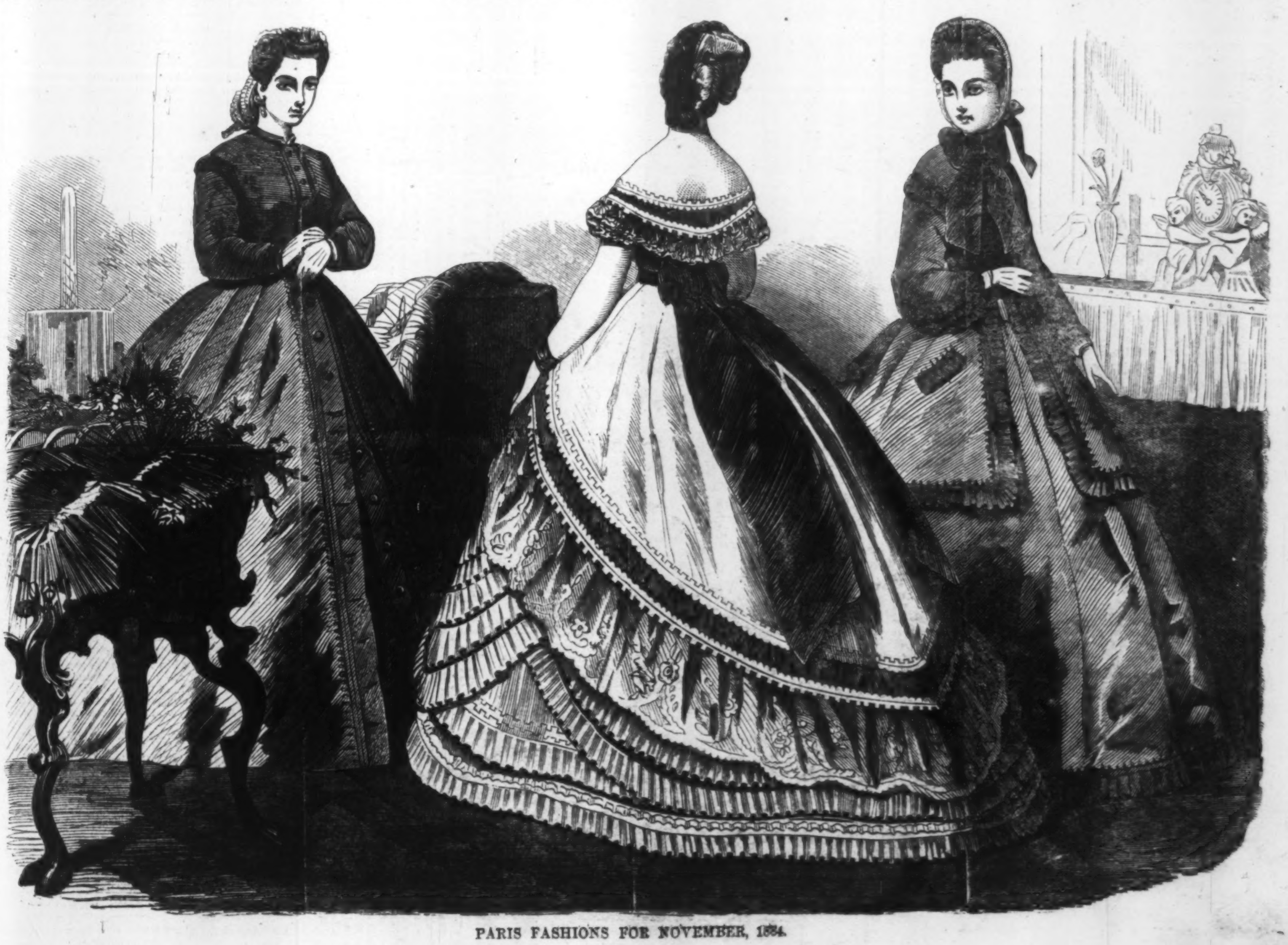
The spirit of exaggeration which we have so frequently observed is now applied to ear-rings, which have acquired almost dangerous dimensions. The jewelers of the Palais-Royale seem to vie with each other daily in the production of something larger than has hitherto been seen, until the proportions of these aural pendants have become quite monstrous. All forms have been adopted and magnified, so that we have the triangular, the long, the wide, and the round cymbal-shaped ear-rings, of a fearful weight, in gold. In keeping with these, the wide leather belts are fastened by buckles of from four to six inches in length, and made of every possible material. Something more agreeable, and certainly far more graceful, is the black lace waistband, fastened behind with a bow and rather short ends. It is to be hoped that these waistbands will finally triumph over the harness-looking belts, which find favor in the eyes of many of the showy Parisiennes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Morning Dress.*—This is altogether an "at home" costume, the color of the dress being generally light, over a gay-colored jupe, which is seen through the openings left expressly in the dress, buttoned in front and behind, much in the manner of a robe de chambre. The material of the dress depicted in our engraving is light-brown cashmere, over a blue jupe. The graduating buttons may be either in dull gold or in mother-of-pearl.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White tarlatan robe, ornamented round the bottom of the skirt with two fluted flounces, surmounted by a straw-colored silk edging. Over the two bottom flounces four others are draped in the style shown in our illustration; and above these two apparent jupes is a third, also in white tarlatan, disposed shawlwise, and in a point behind, while forming a tunic in front. The uppermost jupe is provided with a deep lace trimming, surmounted by a bouillonné, through which a light-blue ribbon is passed. There is a very wide dark-blue silk waistband, fastened by a bow behind. The décolleté corsage is covered with a bertha trimmed with lace and bouillonnè. The coiffure is arranged in the latest style, the ornamentation consisting of a white and a blue feather, intertwined, and partly concealing the golden comb.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—The robe and paletot are in stone-colored foulard, trimmed throughout with violet silk ruching. The only ornament on the skirt is a narrow flounce. Small straw bonnet, with a rose between two black velvets, is the tour-de-tête; violet silk bows and ends.



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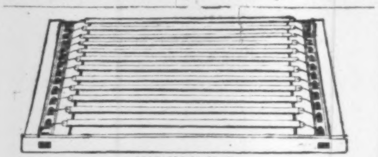

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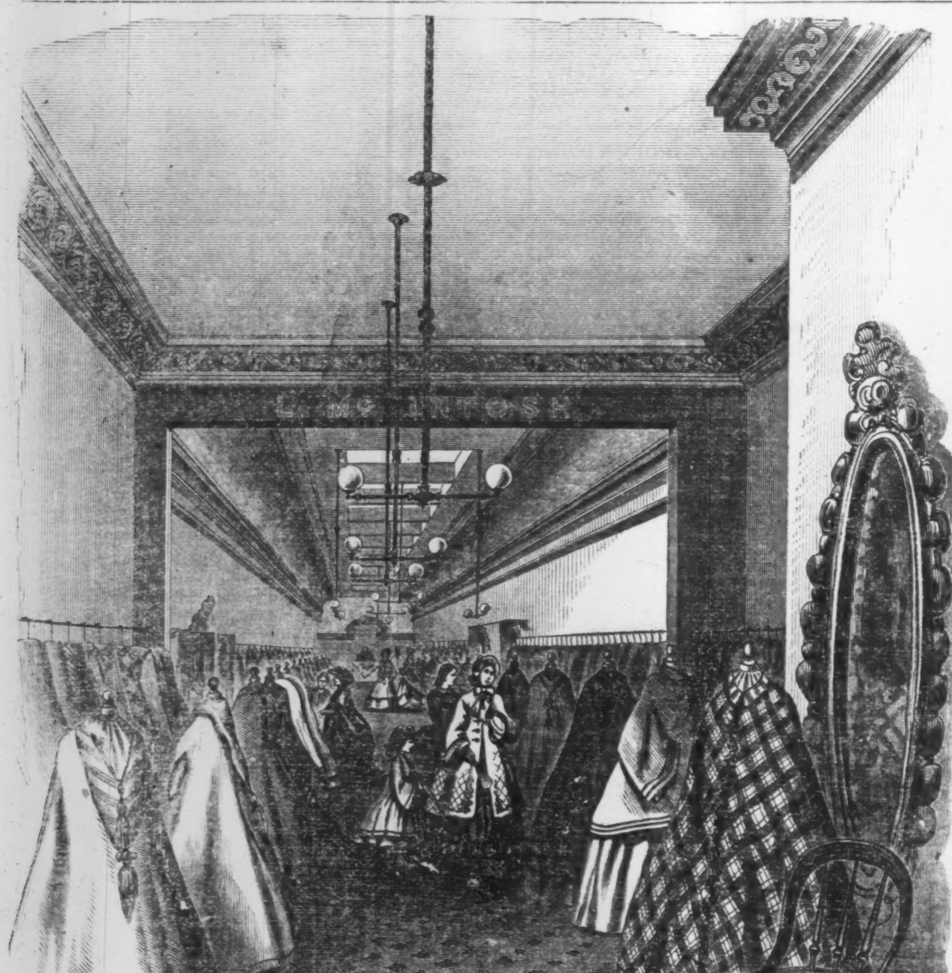

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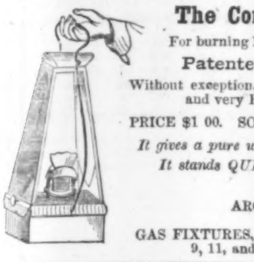

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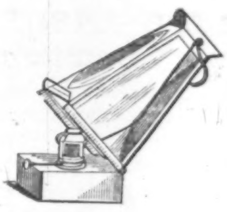

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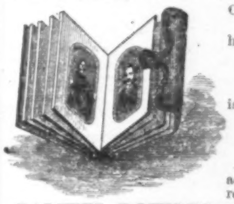

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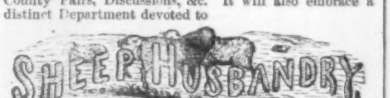
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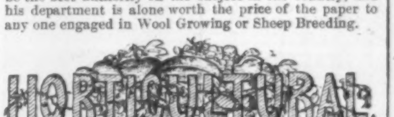

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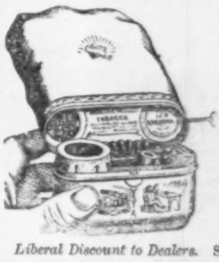

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